



DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

NOW JED PROUTY RESEMBLES THE OLD HOMESTEAD. BOTH PIECES LIFE-LIKE, BUT NOT DRAMATIC. THE SERVILE DESIRE TO IMITATE SUCCESS. MINNIE MADDERN'S CLEVERNESS IN FEATHERBRAIN. A NOBLE SON'S UNCERTAIN PATCHWORK. A SATIRE OF THE DELSARTE SYSTEM. STEALING THE WIDOW'S PROPERTY.

I said something last week about the possible tendency of the drama, away from the dramatic, in accordance with the tendency of culture and literature. I did not think of it at the time, but The Old Homestead is a very fine case in point, and I don't know that I should have thought of it now if Old Jed Prouty had not been done and if it had not shown in every scene and circumstance the influence of The Old Homestead.

Now neither of these interesting productions are, strictly speaking, dramas. They are life-like entertainments, clean, pictorial, wholesome and amusing, but they are not dramatic. They utterly fail of crisis, suspense, situation and distribution of interest among the characters, and they do not deal with passion.

How is it that people are drawn by them? I repeat here now, what I have said elsewhere, that The Old Homestead might easily be made into a play by a competent playwright. But that is what Mr. Denman Thompson, has above all things avoided. He is bent, not on giving us a play, but on giving us Denman Thompson. And the moment he demonstrated that he could draw the people with Denman Thompson he had hosts of imitators.

The latest imitator is Old Jed Prouty, produced on Monday night at the Union Square Theatre.

This is called on the bills a "simple story of Maine life," and I need not say that a simple story is not necessarily a drama, for a narration differs from a drama, in just about the same degree that water differs from steam, though they are both the same elements.

Regarded as an evening's entertainment, made up of vivid but unrelated pictures of the local peculiarities of a certain section of country and the people it produces, nothing can be said against Old Jed Prouty.

Regarded as a drama, it is without climax, destitute of a cumulative story, and its action, such as it is, is suspended continually for merely irrelevant business.

What has become of the play while Dora Wiley is singing? The interest of the audience has left the drama and gone to a concert room, and the principals in the play, sit down like interlopers while the prima donna interferes.

Now, what I have tried to say is this, that I cannot see why, for the life of me, the peculiarities of Maine or New Hampshire should not be braided upon a dramatic plot, and then we should have an entertainment and a drama at the same time.

But that has not been done in any imitation of The Old Homestead school that I have yet seen. Even Mr. Hoyt doesn't care half as much for the villainy that is going on in A Midnight Bell, as he does for the boy whose voice is changing and for the capital business that is done by the old deacon.

The servile desire to imitate success ruins more dramatic efforts than anything else. The moment some one seizes a new theme, all the workers seize the same thing. Robert Elmore had, no excuse for dramatic treatment except the sale of the book.

Let me indicate briefly how old Jed Prouty imitates The Old Homestead—you see one-third of the title is the same to begin with.

The Old Homestead begins in a bucolic manner in a New England town to show the homely eccentricities of the old hero. So does Jed Prouty. A tramp wanders in and is treated kindly in both cases. The old man is actuated in both cases by affection for a young person. In both cases he goes to the big city for no other reason than to be astonished at the elegance, the appointments, and the society of the city, and to exhibit his rusticity in a parlor. In The Old Homestead a double quartette stops the play. In Jed Prouty a prima donna does it. In The Old Home-

stead the old man is shocked by a nude statue. In Jed Prouty he is shocked by a picture of nude women. In both cases he gets his fun out of a narration of the news from home to the people in the city. In one case he takes his boots off at the sofa, in the other at the stairs. In one case he manages to get up a scene by mistaking the music for a fire, in the other he mistakes a rehearsal for an attempt at murder. In both cases he goes back in the last act to the old home in the country, to show that rural honesty and bucolic sentiment are superior to refinement and personal consideration of the amenities of genteel life.

This is the sixth play that I have seen and the fifteenth that I have read in which Josh Whitcomb has been the stimulus, the example, and the mould.

I don't object to Maine plays and Massachusetts plays and Missouri plays. We might have plays of every State in the Union, seeing that the types of character are so distinct in each, but they ought to be built on stories and built dramatically.

A year ago, I read a play of Mr. Joseph Arthur's called Blue Jeans, which, I believe, I alluded to, at the time in this column as the only local drama of this school which had a stirring plot and genuine situations. He had gone to Indiana for his personages, and whoever has read "Roxie" would have seen in this play the distinct and new types of individuality which have made Eggleston's books so popular.

I don't know what Mr. Arthur did with this play, but it was so entirely dramatic and independent of an old man that I suppose he concluded to shelve it until posterity has got tired of The Still Alarm.

There is any amount of amusing acting done in Old Jed, and Mr. Richard Golden himself is quite as quaint as Mr. Denman Thompson, but not as unctuous. Everything he does is a strain after local color and Maine accuracy, as if love, honesty, affection, passion were any better or more interesting on the Penobscot than on the Hudson. It has always been a question in my mind that this sort of realism is acting at all. It is accurate reproduction, that is all. There is no imagination in it, and the thing that tells is the actor's knowledge of Maine or New Hampshire.

For genuine acting you will have to go and see Featherbrain at the Madison Square Theatre. It was only the other day that I was admiring Lackaye in Jocelyn for his superb redemption of a rather conventional villain. He put so much intelligence, so much rationality, so much color, so much earnestness into it that the role stood out above everything else and stayed on the memory when the play was forgotten. It was an old-time ruffian, and it requires a particular order of talent to make him acceptable to-day. But that was just what Lackaye did.

The next time I saw him he was playing this roaring comedy role in Featherbrain, and playing it quite as well as he played the heavy romantic villain.

Here, then, we have an actor who isn't frozen in a line of business. What a luxury he is! It pleases me to fancy that whatever he is given to do he will do well, no matter on what level or line it is.

Try for a moment and think of your Denman Thompsons or Richard Golden doing that. If you take them out of New Hampshire or Maine they will languish and die.

Now that I am not so far from The Madder Crowd, I might as well say that Minnie herself is as unique in farce as she was touching in comedy.

The first time I saw Miss Madder she was playing Clip in that jolly play of Barney McCauley's—what was it he called it—The Man from Jarvis Section?—and even then her piquante individuality struck me.

I believe Barney made her. But, as Stephen Fiske always said when he heard that somebody had been made: "Yes, they all made her, and finally Fred. Maeder!"

I don't suppose, really, that Minnie was made. She was born. Because, if anybody had had a hand in it he would have given her two inches more, and fixed her so she could walk gracefully.

However, I take it for granted that Nature knew what she was about when she built Minnie, and built her wholly out of the tra-

ditional theatric line. It was to declare, once for all, that cleverness is better than mere prettiness.

I saw a little of Mr. Leonard Grover's Noble Son. It is the most uncertain patchwork he ever did. But I was glad to see that he had at last got upon the stage his satire of the Dramatic school and the Delsarte system. If there is anybody alive who hates system, it is Mr. Leonard Grover. It was a curious result of this production that the success all fell upon the wrong person—at least upon the unexpected person—and that person was Miss Johnstone Bennett, who flushed the comedy with a broad burlesque that almost redeemed it with laughter.

Criticism, at this moment, becomes something of a yawn. It seems like a sin to waste serious thought upon Jed Prouty and Ullie Akerstrom, and I am afraid nobody has wasted it on Leonard Grover for a long time. None of these people appear to have any very serious intentions themselves.

Just as I was coming out of the Union Square lobby in a swirling crowd, I met the ever ruddy and genial Crane, he put his arm around me with an air of gladness: "Everything is wound up," he said, "I've got my trunk packed and at twelve o'clock to-night I'm off for Cohasset!"

He said this like a boy who has learned his lesson and is anxious to play. I sympathized with him heartily. He had a long breezy rest in view, and the last words he said were: "Don't forget when the days are hottest and the nights are sleepless, that there's a cottage by the sea and no latch on it!"

When I got home and tried to write, my mind wandered off to yellow sands and flannel suits and cool, soft afternoons on spotless decks.

So I wonder, after all, if every good fellow who works and thinks, perforce doesn't feel glad that the season is done.

Of course I'm a confirmed optimist, and it is only for such that the Summer is made. To the other fellows it is always bleak December. How can anybody desire to be in the swim when the tide is out? What's the use of talking about the current after the freshet is over.

I suppose that after May's fitful Spring-fever we shall sleep well, if our hammocks are properly slung, but while the tearing up lasts, when every third girl you admire is going to the steamer and every second good fellow airing his lawn tennis suit, and the moth-killer is pulling up your rug and camphor begins to permeate, what is the use in being reflective and good and industrious and proper. I want to be at Fort Schuyler this minute.

Little Lord Fauntleroy is gone, that's some comfort and Mrs. Bowers has had her benefit, and Adonis is going to be replaced by another one, and so there's some hope for the world anyway.

In less than an hour after this screed is signed, I will be within pistol shot of Tuxedo, and be hanged to the theatre!

Au revoir. NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—I mentioned somewhere in this article, Barney McCauley's play, which I now recall as A Messenger from Jarvis Section. It was written by E. A. Locke, of Boston, and was bought, out-and-out, by Mr. McCauley, who played it all over the country and made a great deal of money with it.

Why do I mention this now? Because at the Bowers' benefit I saw Mrs. McCauley, his widow, in the part of Mrs. Darcy in Hunting a Husband, and Mrs. Hoey agreed with me, that it was the gem of the performance, and not two hours afterwards somebody put into my hands a playbill from Lexington, Ky., which contained the announcement that A Messenger from Jarvis Section was being played there by a man named Wilson Day.

I then wrote to Mrs. McCauley to ask if she still owned the property, and my note elicited the information that this man Day has stolen the widow's property and insists upon playing it, when and where he pleases, without the shadow of a right and with no intention of paying or acknowledging.

It struck me that he was a model pirate and ought to be bulletined in a paper which has made such a good fight against the play thieves. This particular one has robbed the widow. I wonder that the West tolerates him at all.

THE FUND MEMBERSHIP.

THE DRAMATIC MIRROR's appeal emphasizing the fact that every professional should join the Actors' Fund, is still productive of good results. This week we take pleasure in adding four annual and one life member to the list. The following have duly qualified as members by sending in the requisite two dollars to pay the amount of one year's dues:

EFFIE SEYMOUR,
J. S. HALE,
MARY DAVENPORT,
GRACE L. CHASE.

The name of the gentleman who has forwarded a check of \$50 to pay for a life membership is

JAMES L. CARHART.

Mr. Carhart says in his letter that he has been an annual member of the Fund since its first meeting in 1882, and now would further indicate his belief in its necessity to the dramatic profession and in its stability, by becoming a life member. This makes 108 annual members and 16 life members that have joined the Fund on seeing the recent appeal in our columns.

DIXEY'S PROJECTS.

The report that Henry E. Dixey had signed a contract with James C. Duff for a season of six months at the Standard Theatre is somewhat premature. Mr. Dixey's manager stated yesterday to a MIRROR representative that no arrangements had as yet been made for the comedian for the next season. Plans were now being perfected for an entertainment of a peculiar and novel order, the literary work of which was being done by William Gill and Mr. Dixey and the music by E. E. Rice, which, if it turned out as they thought it would, might be counted upon for a two-year run in this city. The burlesque of Faust in which some \$4,000 was locked up, would be put on by another company in some other theatre. The new production would be a very artistic one, and something of a higher order than anything ever attempted by any young comedian. If Mr. Dixey made a success of it, it would be an achievement of which he might well be proud. Arrangements would probably be completed by the latter part of next week.

RICHARD MARSTON'S SAD VOYAGE.

To-day (Tuesday) at Palmer's Theatre upon the occasion of Richard Marston's departure for Europe, upon the unhappy mission of the interment of the late Mrs. Marston the staff of Palmer's Theatre presented him with a large In Memoriam wreath of immortelles. The ribbons of the floral emblem were ornamented by exquisite allegorical paintings from the accomplished pencil of Mrs. Edward Siedel.

Mr. Siedel handed the wreath to Mr. Marston with a letter as follows:

We, the undersigned employees of Palmer's Theatre, offer to you this wreath of immortelles as a token of the sympathy which we feel for you on this occasion of your starting on the most sorrowful journey that a true man can ever make. May you be helped to bear it by the knowledge that you have the sympathy of every one of the employees of Palmer's Theatre. Wishing you God speed on your journey we remain yours

(Signed) Wesley Sisson, Frank Smith, H. A. Cripps, Sydney Chidley, Edward Siedel, P. Dorrington, Howard W. Perry, W. H. Kelly, Joseph H. Driscoll, James E. Eakins, W. H. Darling, William Sullivan, James H. J. Scullion, Robert G. Snowdon.

Mr. Marston was deeply affected by the splendid tribute of esteem. He sailed by the Alaska at 4.30 p. m., with his late wife's remains which will be interred at West Hampstead Cemetery, London, on the 28th inst.

THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE.

J. M. Gilbert, manager of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, arrived in this city on Monday last. Mr. Gilbert has taken up his headquarters at Klaw and Erlanger's Exchange.

"I have just leased the theatre for five years from the first of this month," said Mr. Gilbert, "and I shall make of it a combination house of the best class. Although the prices are popular it will not be a cheap house, for the Jefferson-Florence and combinations of the higher kind will appear. The theatre will have a seating capacity of about 3,000 and I have already booked sixteen weeks attractions."

THE NEW YORK DRAMATIC MIRROR.

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••• The Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

A SALACIOUS INVESTIGATION.

THE daily press is ever on the alert for spicy details of amorous subjects, particularly for sensational reading matter relating to the love-making of actors and actresses on and off the stage. Among the salacious articles of this kind is one that appeared recently in a metropolitan daily. The article in question deals with the practice or simulation of kissing on the stage. Expert testimony has been liberally supplied by various professionals interviewed on this most important subject concerning the moral welfare of the community at large.

The importance and necessity of exhaustive investigation is dwelt upon in the introductory remarks, owing to the fact that "lots of people in theatre audiences who possess lively imaginations have undoubtedly often wondered just how much actual feeling there is in a stage kiss." The great problem to be solved is "Whether this man and woman who passionately embrace each other on the stage and press burning kisses on each other's lips are in the slightest degree carried away by their feelings; whether they really kiss each other or only pretend to." It is argued, accordingly, that "this subject presents more than would appear at first sight, as there can be no doubt that actors and actresses destroy more stage illusion by clumsily pretending to kiss, when it is palpable to even the most short-sighted person in the audience that their lips do not meet, than in any other way." Ergo, this most logical scribbler (while laying the flattering unction to his soul that he originated the idea of treating theatrical occlusion) concludes his preamble with the statement that "the theme presents opportunities for many interesting notes and comments, besides possessing a degree of importance, for the reason that it opens up a field which has hitherto escaped discussion." The originality of the subject is amply attested by the writer in his alluding at the outset to the national reputation gained by Emma Abbott through her stage kiss. If memory serves us, this stage kiss was a clap-net device of certain press agents, abetted by the lady in question, to arouse the curiosity of theatre-goers who might not have flocked to the box-office for the sole purpose of hearing the prima donna sing. Indeed, there be metropolitan critics who maintain that Emma Abbott never could sing, and has worked up a Western reputation by persistent use of *outré* methods.

Among the leading men who are supposed to be capercary authorities are KYALE BELL and MAURICK BARKYMORE. The former is made to say that he never kisses a woman on the stage unless it is absolutely necessary, because he does not consider it effective from the front. We have no doubt that the "numerous actresses" he says he has played with share the same opinion. EDWARD BUCKLEY classifies the many varieties of stage kisses into the BEHNHARDT, the EMMA ABBOTT, the paragonal, the fraped, and the kiss of the rough subrette. Now, that the public has been finally enlightened on a point requiring such scholarly research, we wonder

what knotty problem in theatrical affairs the journalistic prowler will seize upon for future pabulum. The established rule of certain newspapers, when in doubt as to what to trump up in the way of sensation, seems to be—when in doubt, turn to the stage.

CURIOUS COMMENT.

THE developments of a recent divorce case at Chicago has elicited a moral lecture from the New York Sun, admonishing American girls and matrons to keep shy of fascinating actors. We are at a loss to know how the case in question can serve as a text for didactic comment, considering that the "matron" involved appears to have had no particular regard for matrimonial ties, and the so-called "fascinating" actor is not the only individual upon whom she saw fit to place her temporary affections. Moreover, if the actor referred to deserves the severe strictures of our luminous contemporary, he is far from being either a model of histrionic art or mainly beauty, while his "weak, affected and effeminate" postures would not be likely to make his photographs "in great demand among his silly feminine admirers." As for the assertion that he has "boasted of receiving multitudes of letters from women who are entire strangers to him and who crowd the stage entrance of any theatre at which he acts to get a glimpse of their pinchbeck hero as he passes out"—we can only say that such an assertion should be taken with a large grain of salt. Young women do not usually gratify a romantic flame in this ridiculous manner. Now and then some crazy woman may get her name into the papers for laying in wait at the stage door for some theatrical hero, she imagines herself to be in love with, but no sane member of the gentler sex is apt to make such a public exhibition of herself.

What strikes us as particularly misleading is the statement that such adoration increases the notoriety which inures to an actor's pecuniary profit, and that he could afford to pay for the revelations of a divorce case as an advertisement, since thereafter "he may be more valuable in the show business." The theatrical contingent that would clamor to see an actor on account of his "adroitly proclaimed fascination for empty-headed women," would not be overwhelming. The male beauty is an exploded experiment on the regular stage, and has been relegated to the realm of freaks and dime museum. Even stage beauties soon cease to draw unless they develop histrionic qualities. It is not to be denied that "an actor may play the part of a grand hero on the stage, and yet be in his real self an insufferable cad." Still, we are surprised that a journal that claims to be "the greatest of all newspapers," should indulge in such a trite and self-evident fact. In what respect does the isolated case of a cad in the theatrical profession differ from the innumerable cads in every other walk of life? Such comment as this is simply following out the venerable custom of newspaperdom—to expose any actor or actress who has been found tripping, leaving it to be inferred that professional people are a dangerous and immoral element of the community; whereas, if the truth were known, it would be found that the proportion of high-minded men and virtuous women connected with the stage is as great, if not greater, than that of any other profession.

UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

THERE is to be an auction sale of a large assortment of scenery and stage properties belonging to Mrs. LANCY on May 23 at the Grand Opera House. The programme of the performance announces that this public auction will take place, at Mrs. LANCY's request, on the stage of that theatre, as she wishes to dispose of the articles enumerated, prior to her departure for Europe.

Despite the fact that the terms of the sale are spot cash, it is not unlikely that the matinee will be well attended. Think of purchasing a work basket with which the theatrical Lily, unlike the lilies of the field, earned her living—enough, in fact, to persuade her French chef to try and supply her with various delicacies, out of season, on \$15 a day. Who would not pay a whole week's salary to gain possession of an upholstered poof with which the Lily's fair form had come in contact, or a gilt chair on which she reposed during an exciting situation of *The Wife's*

Peril? The vaulting ambition of the New York duds can be gratified to an even greater extent. He can purchase at his "governor's" expense the entire boudoir scene from *The Wife's Peril*, or rest content with the bedroom or king's closet from *Lady Clancarty*. Perhaps an interior scene of *Lady Gage's* chambers would suit him better, or if his taste runs to gambling, he might take a fancy to an exterior view of *Monte Carlo*.

But there are more commodious articles to bid on than scenery. The Lily did not make a great hit in *As You Like It*, but it is probable that the knee-hole desk of *As in a Looking-Glass* will sell as rapidly as the rush bottom chairs of *The Lady of Lyons*. The gatherer up of unconsidered trifles will presumably bid eagerly for the two stools and two lyres advertised among the stage effects of *Pygmalion and Galatea*.

Ah! but what a theatrical feast awaits the highest bidder on the large banquet table and tablecloth from *Macbeth*, groaning with one bear's head on dish, one ribs of beef on dish, two dishes of fruit (that never decays), not omitting the liquid possibilities of six flagons and one drinking cup for King!

Those who have no appetite for stage food washed down with theatrical bumpers can indulge in the weird and uncanny items of three staves for witches, two wands for chamberlains, ten torches, eight tapers, eight sceptres for apparitions, one cauldron, and a lot of packing boxes.

PERSONAL.

HARRISON.—Maud Harrison will sail for Europe next month.

ADDISON.—Grace Addison sailed for Europe yesterday (Tuesday) on the *Alaska*.

ALBANI.—Mme. Albani and Ernest Gye returned to London on last Saturday on the *Umbria*.

IRVING.—It is reported that Henry Irving has arranged to tour this country again during the season of 1891.

BURNETT.—Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett and her son Vivian sailed for France on Saturday on the *La Gascogne*.

BELL.—It is likely that Digby Bell and Laura Joyce-Bell will head a comic opera company of their own next season.

WILLIAMS.—Jesse Williams, the well-known musical director, leaves for England to-day (Wednesday) by the *City of Paris*.

MORRIS.—Ramsay Morris is writing a play for Tommy Russell, under a contract with A. H. Wood, of the West End Theatre.

RUSSELL.—It is reported that Phoebe Russell, formerly of Daly's Theatre, is to be married in July to a Mr. Boyle of this city.

TRABLE.—The seventeen-year-old son of Osmund Trable recently made his first appearance on the stage at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in *Julius Caesar*.

MARSTON.—Richard Marston sails to-day on the *Alaska* with the remains of his late wife, which will be interred at West Hamstead cemetery on the 26th inst.

BURT.—Laura Burt, who is playing Cad in *The Still Alarm* very successfully, will sail for England on June 3. She will remain abroad a couple of months.

HARRIS.—Augustus Harris, manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, London, has announced himself as the Conservative candidate for the Strand District, in Parliament.

BIGLOW.—Sadie Bigelow says that the report that she would marry and retire from the stage was premature. She is now negotiating for an engagement for next season.

FLORENCE.—W. J. Florence will leave this city on June 1 for his annual salmon-fishing trip to the Restigouche River, in Canada. He will be accompanied by A. H. Hayman.

REED.—Charley Reed, the comedian, will star next season under the management of Sol Berlin. A new farce-comedy will shortly be written for him by Clay M. Greene.

HERNDON.—Agnes Herndon has been engaged to play the rôle of the heroine in the new play, *The Ex-Convict*, to be produced at the Grand Opera House, Minneapolis, this month.

JACOBS.—Marius J. Jacobs will sail for Europe on June 8 by the *Umbria* in search of novelties for next season. He will remain away about four months visiting the principal cities of Europe.

MANTELL.—Among those who sailed for Europe on Wednesday last by the *Adriatic* were Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Mantell, while Mrs. Bronson Howard left the same day on the *City of Berlin*.

HAYMAN.—A. H. Hayman will accompany W. J. Florence on his salmon fishing trip on the Restigouche River next month, and will then go in advance of the Lyceum Theatre stock company to San Francisco.

FORSYTH.—Kate Forsythe will sail for Europe on May 22 and will appear in London in a repertoire including *The Tigress* and *Among the Pines*. George Floyd is attending to her business on the other side at the present.

LAWRENCE.—Emma Lawrence, who is rapidly advancing in her career as a singer, is seen to much advantage in her new rôle in *The Brigands* at the Casino.

HOMAN.—Little Gertrude Homan, who closed her engagement with the Eastern company of Little Lord Fauntleroy, was secured to play in *Editha's Burglar* three hours after arrival in New York.

CLAYTON.—Hi Henry denies the rumor that Estelle Clayton does not go out under his management next season. Miss Clayton will appear in a comedy-drama, specially written for her, entitled *On the Hudson*.

ARONSON.—Rudolph Aronson's new gavotte, "Martha Washington," has made a wonderful success. It is being played regularly now by the Casino orchestra and the Hungarian Band at the roof concerts.

EMMET.—J. K. Emmet has purchased a cabin sloop of about thirty-five feet in length, and is having it fitted out at Tebo's wharf in South Brooklyn. Mr. Emmet will name it *Fritz*. He expects to do some cruising with it this Summer.

KENT.—S. Miller Kent has been engaged for the leading male rôle in *The Way of the World*, to be produced at the Windsor Theatre on May 27 by LeGrand White. C. W. Coudock, M. W. Kennedy, Evelyn Campbell, Lewis Baker and others have also been secured.

LINGARD.—The statement that Mrs. F. M. Burbeck (Nellie Lingard) was married recently in England is indignantly denied by the lady herself. As yet Miss Lingard has not arranged to return to this country, in spite of a number of good offers that she has received.

AMBERG.—Gustave Amberg was married on Thursday last at the Hotel Belvedere in this city, to Marie Engel, an operatic artiste. The latter is under engagement to Manager Harris of the Drury Lane Theatre to appear in London on the 18th inst. in *The Prophet*. On Friday the happy couple sailed for Havre on the *La Gascogne*.

LESLIE.—Elsie Leslie was overwhelmed with floral tributes of all shapes and sizes at the closing matinee performance of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* at the Broadway Theatre last Saturday. The charming little boy impersonator had to make a number of trips to and from the wings before she had disposed of the entire cargo.

SPENCER.—Alexander Spencer, the musical director of the Corinne company, was presented on Friday last by his wife, with a lovely eight pound girl baby. Mother and child are doing well. After his season of comic opera at the Star Theatre, Buffalo, Mr. Spencer will rejoin the Corinne company, for which he has been re-engaged for next season.

EARLE.—Mattie Earle, who has been very highly spoken of in her comedy rôles this season with Roland Reed, had a flattering and desirable offer of engagement recently, as leading lady in the stock company of the People's Theatre, St. Paul, Minn., for the Summer. Miss Earle declined it, as she desires rest during the heated term. She is not engaged for next season.

AUSTEN.—Through an error in the types in last week's *Mirror*, Ramie Austen's name appeared as Annie Austen. Miss Austen appreciates the distinct individuality that constitutes the charm of the name, "Ramie," and she does not desire any other. She is now at work preparing for her rôle in *Guilty Without Crime*, in which she will star jointly with Dore Davidson next season.

PITILEY.—Annie Pitiley is ill with pneumonia at the Westminster Hotel, New York. She caught cold in Chicago, and was compelled to cancel the last three nights of her engagement at the Academy of Music, in Montreal. Her engagement at the Theatre Comique, in Harlem, which was to have opened on Monday night, had to be given up for the same reason, and the house remained closed. It is expected that Miss Pitiley will be well enough to resume acting in about ten days.

O'KEEFE.—Anna O'Keeffe, who was in the ranks of the amateurs only a few short years ago, is rapidly making a name for herself. At the matinee on Saturday last, Lillian Russell found that she would be unable to play in the evening on account of throat trouble. After the first act in the afternoon, the part was given to Miss O'Keeffe, who was letter perfect at the night's production and who has played the part since in an excellent manner. Miss Russell is expected to resume her place this (Wednesday) evening.

BARRETT.—Wilson Barrett has extended his season at the Princess' Theatre, London, on account of his success there. At the close of the engagement he will take a well-earned rest, and in the latter part of the Summer, will start on a short tour through the provinces, sailing from Liverpool on Oct. 2. His second American tour will open at Boston on Oct. 14, and after two weeks there will come to this city for six weeks. Then he will work his way West to San Francisco, finally sailing from there to Australia, and making a return visit to the United States on his way home.

THE USHER.



*In Ushering
Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.*

If there was nothing else to enjoy in Rosina Vokes' present bill at Daly's, her irresistibly droll rendering of the song of the whaler would repay one for spending the evening there. She brings down the house with the line descriptive of the sea-monster's lifting his tail preparatory to taking a header down below, which is illustrated by a sudden upward kick of her train and an imitatively droll gesture. Some of our comedienness who profess a similar line of work ought to go to school to Miss Vokes and learn how the broadest sort of fun can be refined and made delightful by an artist.

In Eugene Oudin Colonel McCaul possesses the best *jeune premier* on the comic opera stage. He sings admirably, acts with an intelligence rarely seen in this direction, and is graceful and handsome withal. As Rudolf in *Clover* he gives a picturesque and attractive performance which lends great charm to the representation.

In the matter of glitter and sparkle, nothing has been given on the Casino stage to compare with *The Brigands*. But somebody ought to revise Mr. Kerker and his orchestra. They are both too liberally supplied with brass.

The automatic opera-glass cases on the backs of the seats at the Casino don't always automat. I saw a gentleman put his quarter in the slot the other night and look indignant when the expected *Le Maire's* failed to appear. I am told that this occurs quite often.

One of the peculiar rules of the peculiar Player's Club prohibits members from introducing friends into the house on Gramercy Square. They must content themselves with the society of those that belong to the organization. This restriction does not exist, so far as I know, in any other New York club, and it has created no end of dissatisfaction already among the Players. Out of a total membership of about two hundred and fifty, by the way, the club now has seventy persons connected with the stage in one capacity or another.

A play called *The Ex-Convict* will shortly be produced in Minneapolis, at the Grand Opera House. It was written in prison by a man named Hal Reid, who was sentenced for a crime it was proved, after the expiration of his term, that he did not commit. Agnes Herndon left town on Saturday to take part in the production.

The other day the advance agent of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde company told a number of villagers, in the post-office of a Maine town where they were billed, that their Mr. Hyde was such a dangerous character that they were compelled to carry him around the country chained and in a special car, and that frequently he became so savage that it was impossible for his keeper to go near him. The news spread rapidly, and the advance man arranged on arrival with the comedian to fasten himself in chains, put on a "dog-face" make-up, and then ride in a wagon to the Opera House. The spectacle of the wild Mr. Hyde created tremendous excitement, and the theatre was packed that night.

Irving Bishop's career was strangely chequered. He lived by his wits, and manifested a cleverness in his mind-reading tricks which defied exposure and led investigation astray. A man of singular tact and adaptability, he got a good living by preying on the credulity and stupidity of his fellow-men.

THE WEST END THEATRE.

"Preparations for the opening of the new West End Theatre are going steadily forward," said the enthusiastic young manager of the new Harlem Theatre to a *MIRROR* reporter the other day. "In June we will lay the corner-stone with all the appropriate ceremonies. It was deferred until the building was somewhat further advanced than it is now. As for my stock company it is gradually taking shape. I have secured J. H. Gilmore as my leading man, and others engaged are Arthur Forrest, Effie Germon and Charles Kent, all artists of acknowledged ability.

"The play in which little Tommy Russell is to star under my management is to be written by Maurice Barrymore and will be

finished on June 1. The company will be known as the West End Theatre company. The tour will begin by a three weeks' run in this city about the middle of August. A. H. Gregory has been secured as the acting manager of the company, while G. E. Tucker will go in advance."

FRED. LESLIE'S PLANS.

Fred. Leslie, the comedian of the Gaiety company, passed through this city on Monday, on his way to Philadelphia, where the organization opened that evening. When seen at the Marlborough Hotel, he said:

"The report that on Saturday evening in Boston, I stated that I was not going to join the Casino company as reported, is quite true, but it might have been reported as I expressed it, namely, that I regretted very much that I could not join it on account of my other engagements. Since we have been away from New York we have done very well. We did an enormous fortnight's business in Detroit and Boston, but Chicago was not so good. We open at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, to-night, and as the booking is very big I expect a fortnight's good business. On the 27th inst. we return to the Standard and play for a week, three nights in Esmeralda and three in Monte Cristo, Jr. That reminds me of a peculiar feature of our recent tour. Monte Cristo, Jr., met with greater favor in Boston and Chicago than Esmeralda did, the outside public reversing the opinion of that of New York.

"At the conclusion of the engagement at the Standard Theatre we return to England—the principals sailing on the *Gallicia* on June 5, and the others leaving by the White Star line. I have been having a long talk with Rudolph Aronson this morning about staying over for a few weeks and playing with him, but I find myself unable to do it. I must go on account of the burlesque, Ruy Blas, which I am writing with Herbert Clark. It is almost completed, but the proper finishing touches cannot be given without the presence of my collaborator. After a fortnight's work on it I shall go to Paris with the rest of the world to see the Exposition and have a few weeks on the Continent, returning in time for rehearsals, the Gaiety Theatre company opening the season with it the first week in September. As to what arrangements have been made for the return engagement of the Gaiety company here next season I know nothing, but in my opinion nothing has been settled as to whether this company or the one now playing in London are to come over. The most advisable thing would be, I think, not the sending over of new people who would have to go over the great work of establishing themselves in popular favor, but the return of those who have gone over the ground and established themselves in popular esteem—say a year from next September.

"I have been waited on recently by a gentleman from Baltimore, who represents a syndicate which offers to build me a theatre in this city, to be called Leslie's Theatre, and I am seriously considering it. No, my stock in the Gaiety Theatre company is not large enough to admit of my having a voice in the management, but it is large enough to act as an incentive to me to put forward my best work. Still, if I went into any such scheme as the one proposed by the syndicate, I would act both as manager and artist. Do not understand me as being dissatisfied with my present position and terms, nor am I struck with the fever of management. I look upon it simply in a business light, and realize that my name would be much more prominently placed before the public as a manager than it would as a salaried artist."

HELEN DAUVRAY'S RETURN.

Helen Dauvray was at luncheon in her suite of apartments at the Marlborough Hotel when a representative of *THE MIRROR* sent up his card the other day. As a rule people are not disposed to see visitors when they are dining or lunching, but despite that the scribe received a courteous invitation to come up. After his apologizing for his intrusion and explaining his errand, Miss Dauvray said:

"I have a contract with Mr. H. C. Miner, and I intend to keep it, in spite of all the many rumors that I have heard from my friends and other people, since the contract was first signed. I have found Mr. Miner most generous and gentlemanly in every way. Whatever people I have wanted he has been willing to get for me, and to pay the salary asked. Mr. Miner seems to have the greatest faith in me—as I have in myself—and is evidently determined to make the tour a success, if liberal management on his part can do it.

"The printing, which is now being done by the Springer Lithograph company, will, I think, be as attractive and refined as anything on the road, and we are going to have an excellent company, as I have not gotten over my old theory of surrounding myself with the best talent available. Robert Hilliard will be my leading man. I have great hopes of Mr. Hilliard's future as an actor, and I think that his *Prosper Courmout* in *A Scrap of Paper* will be as good a performance as has ever

been given in America, outside of Lester Wallace's. J. G. Saville, who has not acted since I have, resumes the profession to go with me. Wilfred Clarke, son of John S. Clarke, and brother of Creston Clarke, has also been engaged, as has Edward Rose, late of the Boston Museum. We still have to fill up the rest of the company, but I think this a pretty good start. Our great aim now is a good juvenile man and a good juvenile woman.

"I shall leave for Europe the latter part of this month, and shall be away about five weeks. Anything good that I may see in the way of plays or people, I shall endeavor to secure, but otherwise my trip will be devoted to pleasure and business of a private nature. I shall open my season at the Union Square Theatre on Oct. 7 for a three weeks' engagement. Next we will go to Philadelphia and Boston. Altogether I shall have three months booked right in the vicinity of New York. Thirty weeks have been booked, and there are no one-night stands whatever."

In conclusion, Miss Dauvray showed the *MIRROR* reporter the contract signed with Mr. Hill for three weeks in October. This looks as though there might be complications if Neil Burgess goes into that house for a run in August, as has been stated.

C. T. ELLIS' LUCK WITH CASPAR.

Charles T. Ellis, the German comedian, was busy engaging people for next season at an uptown agency, when a *MIRROR* reporter met him the other day.

"We had a splendid season," began Mr. Ellis. "We closed on May 4 in Rochester. Our engagement there was the largest we ever had, although there was a big car strike, a great game of base ball and rainy weather during our stay. This apparently was a strong handicap, but for all that we turned away enough people to fill the house over again.

"During the coming season we will play no return engagements, nor shall we play at any low-priced theatre. I have two new plays and I am figuring for another. There has been some talk about my taking the Twenty-third Street Theatre for next season, but nothing is settled regarding that. I think Caspar the Yodler, would run at that house easily for six months, but whether I shall go there depends entirely upon circumstances. As it is, my time is all filled for next season. I shall probably open either on September 2 or September 9 in the vicinity of this city. I shall Summer at my cottage—Caspar's Cottage—at Asbury Park."

MANAGER GREENWALL'S CIRCUIT.

Harry Greenwall, the manager of Greenwall's Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas circuit is in town again. Mr. Greenwall is as sanguine as ever of the ultimate great future of the South in a theatrical business direction. He is also very enthusiastic over the season just closed.

"Last season, my boy," began Mr. Greenwall, cheerily slapping the reporter's back to emphasize his remarks, "last season was the best that we have had for twenty years. As regards New Orleans, the season has been a phenomenal success.

"We have booked for the circuit so far, such attractions as Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, J. K. Emmet, Paul Kauvar, The Paymaster, Mr. Barnes of New York, Haverly's Minstrels, with Billy Emerson, Margaret Mather, Helen Dauvray, Captain Swift, A Possible Case, Said Pasha, Emma Abbott, The Wife, Lewis Morrison, The Fairy's Well, Bolossy Kiralfy's Water Witch, Arthur Rehan and others. If we had even more time than is at our disposal we could fill it.

"To be candid with you I expect this season will be the best that the South has ever had. Prospects never were brighter. Texas is booming with manufactures. Over a million dollars have been subscribed at Galveston for a cotton mill, bagging and cordage factory, while Houston and Dallas are forging away ahead and New Orleans is improving. A better business spirit reigns in the South than has been known since the war, and the moneyed men are putting out their cash to boom things along.

"As you know, Pilot's Opera House at Houston was totally destroyed by fire, and next year all attractions will play at Gray's Hall. A stock company with a capital of \$75,000 has been organized there for the erection of an elegant opera house. Work on the new edifice will be begun as soon as I return from Europe. We have taken \$5,000 worth of the stock ourselves, and the theatre, which will have a seating capacity of 1,300, will be ready for the season 1890-91.

"We had intended this year to renovate the Dallas Opera House, but owing to lack of time the work has been postponed until next year, when the theatre will be gutted and entirely rebuilt at a cost of \$25,000, which is already subscribed. The New Orleans house will be renovated during the Summer and so will the Galveston house, \$5,000 being spent on the latter. On June 22 I shall sail for Europe on the *Etruria*, see the Paris Exposition, spend the Summer abroad and return on Sept. 1."

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN.

DIXEY closes his season at the Grand Opera House on Saturday night.

THE Prescott-McLean company closed season at Cincinnati on Saturday night.

E. A. McDOWELL has been engaged to support George Fawcett in *The Lyons Mail*.

CARRIE TUTTIN and Harry Peffer have been engaged for Herrmann's trans-Atlantic Vaudeville.

BILLY BIRCH has been engaged as end man of "Happy" Cal Wagner's Minstrels for next season.

FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE, who sailed for Europe on Thursday last, will rejoin Clara Morris next season.

T. E. MILLS has engaged Adah Richmond for the queen in *Zozo*, which opens its season on Sept. 2 in this State.

THE Thatcher, Primrose and West Minstrels open at the New California Theatre in San Francisco on June 17.

THE 100th performance of *A Midnight Bell* will be celebrated at the Bijou on the 29th inst. by the distribution of souvenirs.

MRS. LANGTRY's carriage was run into by a fast trotter at Lewiston, Me., on last Thursday evening, but fortunately the lady was not injured.

ROSE HILL's English Folly company will close season in Philadelphia on May 25. They will begin their next season in Baltimore on August 26.

It is reported that Charles Stow, who is now with Barnum's Circus, intends to make certain alterations in an Iron Creed, and put it on the road next season.

THE drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot system has invaded London. Charles Wyndham has supplied the Criterion Theatre with opera-glass boxes that open upon dropping a shilling in the slot.

HELEN BANCROFT has received an offer from an English manager to take the leading role in *Which Wins*, J. W. Pigott's new play, to be produced in London at a West End Theatre.

EDMUND GERSON, Bolossy Kiralfy's representative, has engaged Mlle. Carmencita, a Spanish danseuse, to appear in the new spectacle that will open the season at Niblo's in August.

THE establishment of a French Theatre in this city was discussed one evening last week by the Jeune France Lyric and Dramatic Association. No definite plan has yet been decided upon.

FRANK LANE sprained his ankle while playing ball with the Actors' Athletic Amateur Association Nine on Friday. Mr. Lane was unable to assume his part in *A Midnight Bell* on that evening.

IONE LANG, a favorite actress of the variety stage died in New York last Sunday. She was about twenty-seven years old, and was buried yesterday in the Actors' Fund Plot in Evergreen Cemetery.

J. K. EMMET's Uncle Joe has become such a pronounced success at the Fourteenth Street Theatre that all of the out-of-town dates have been canceled to continue the run of the piece without interruption.

A DEPUTATION of London theatrical managers, headed by Henry Irving and Augustus Harris, are to call upon the Home Secretary this week in order to settle the question of the employment of children in the theatres.

DONNELLY and GIRAUD's new play, *The City Directory*, was presented at Buffalo on Wednesday evening, and according to the press of that city, fell flat. The company was commended for its work, but the play was declared to be vulgar.

GEORGE W. FARREN maintains that the article entitled "Hard Lines," in the last issue of *THE DRAMATIC MIRROR*, has caused many persons to confound him with T. J. Farron, as the latter name was erroneously spelt Farren, with an e instead of an o.

T. E. MILLS, manager of *Zozo*, put a small card in last week's *DRAMATIC MIRROR*. No request was made for time for his attraction, but despite that fact he has since received twenty-two answers, and reports that he could fill time for three *Zozo* companies if he could get them together.

J. W. SHANNON and Fred Williams who recently opened a Bureau of Stage Management and Dramatic Literature have made arrangements with manager Sanger whereby the Bureau acquires the use of the Broadway Theatre stage for its rehearsals.

MAUD THOMPSON has been engaged for the child's part in *The Spider's Web* to be produced at Havlin's Theatre, Chicago, on June 30. The play is said to be a version of Roger La Honte and the child's part almost as effective as Little Lord Fauntleroy.

CROWDED houses is the rule at Daly's Theatre since the new bill was put on by Rosina Vokes on Thursday. The present programme will be continued for a week or more. By general request *The Circus Rider*, a Pantomime Rehearsal and Tears will follow.

THE season of Amberg's Theatre will close this evening (Wednesday), and on the 22d inst. Mr. Amberg will begin a campaign with German operetta at Terrace Garden. For next season the stars at the German theatre will be Ernest Possart, who has been secured for 100 performances and Herr Mitterwurzer, who has been secured for thirty nights. Edward Harrigan lately made overtures for a lease of the theatre, but without result so far.

A SLIGHT fire occurred in the shed containing the electric light plant of the Union Square Theatre on last Thursday night, after the audience had departed. The wires of two electric light companies became crossed at Union Square, and the force of the current conveyed to the theatre plant was so greatly increased that the "converter"—a box that switches off the current to the different circuits—was set on fire. The damage to the theatre plant amounted to about \$500. The theatre had to be lighted with gas until the apparatus was thoroughly repaired.

AT THE THEATRES.

PALMER'S.—CLOVER.

Rudolf Eugene Oudin
Casimir De Wolf Hopper
Leut. Kilberg Charles W. Dungan
Dr. Track Lindsay Morrison
Don Cristoval D'Olivares J. De Angelis
Stella Marion Manola
Fanny Annie Myers
Florine Carrie Burton
Senora Petrosella Mathilde Cottrell

Frans von Suppe's music in the piece produced at Palmer's Theatre last Wednesday night under the somewhat insipid title of Clover, is of a higher order than operetta. It properly belongs to the category of opera comique. One of the *faux* and several of the concerted pieces are decidedly superior, in a musical sense, to anything that Colonel McCaull's artists have recently been called upon to perform. In the melodic quality the score is, perhaps, less attractive than either Patineta or Boccaccio, but in point of technical skill and marked excellence of composition it excels those once-popular works of the same writer.

Yet it must not be supposed on this account that Clover is too refined for the popular ear, or that it does not contain numbers which are "catchy," rhythmical and pleasing. There is variety enough to suit the taste of the musical on the one hand and of the lovers of tinkle on the other. The second act closes with a strong and masterly *finale*, which, in spite of the numerical weakness of the choral forces, was decidedly effective and inspiring. A pretty little song by Stella, which reappears like a refrain throughout the work; one or two delightful ballads by Rudolf; a dashing military march and chorus or two; a capital comic quintette for Casimir and the vagabonds that relieve him of his money and his clothes, and the inevitable topical song for Mr. Hopper, comprise some of the more noteworthy and enjoyable features of Clover.

The libretto was written by Genes and Zappert and Englished by Harry B. Smith, who seems to be running Mr. Rosenfeld pretty close in this species of work. The unity and purpose of the original have been adhered to with more fidelity than is usual, and the comedy scenes are less interlarded with anachronistic allusions and contemporaneous slang. Mr. Hopper did not once refer to the subject of baseball, miraculous as it may appear—a delicacy and consideration which found hearty acknowledgment from at least one grateful auditor.

The story of Clover is simple, not particularly noticeable for novelty, but undoubtedly well adapted to hold von Suppe's delightful productions together. The geographical arrangement which transfers the scene and characters, in turn, from Bavaria to Paris, Sweden and Venice, offers opportunity for lively contrasts in setting and costumes and furnishes the composer with a chance to give a great variety in coloring to the score, which he is not backward in embracing.

The title, Clover, has no connection with the tantalizing little game which recently focused the attention and tested the patience of this community. While it is true that the heroine, the constant Stella, encounters some difficulties in finally passing the vagrant affections of her roving lover, the title is really gotten from the four-leaved clover which she gives him for luck, when he goes abroad in search of fame and fortune wherewith to return after a year and make her his bride. Rudolf visits Paris first and squanders his last son on a fascinating *dansette* who manages to captivate his feeble fancy. Then he enlists in the army of Charles XII. of Sweden and goes forth to fight the Danes. When victory perches on their standard, the Swedes are forced to surrender because of the King's death. Rudolf next proceeds to Venice where he again suffers from feminine fidelity "Convinced," as the play-bill has it, "that happiness exists not in the pursuit of folly, glory or gold, he returns to Stella and domesticity." Through all his wanderings Stella and her foster-sister follow him and Casimir, variously disguised. The maiden proves the timidity of her passion, if not her pride, during these peregrinations.

Miss Manola was comely and charming as Stella, singing with admirable ease and accuracy, and occasionally with feeling. She is a consistent, if not an accomplished, actress, as well as a skilled singer. Miss Myers, the plump *soubrette*, was vivacious as Stella's companion, Fanny, and cleverly seconded Mr. Hopper's fun-making. Carrie Burton's voice has grown thin since the days of Millie Taylor, but she played the *dansette* Florine with plenty of coquetry and abandon, and was otherwise conscientious and satisfactory.

Mr. Oudin sang Rudolf's music deliciously, and was altogether as handsome, dashing and romantic a hero as could be desired. Mr. Hopper in Casimir had less scope for horse-play than genuine funny work, and the result was that he did not escape from the picture as frequently as usual. Casimir's conspicuous characteristics are gluttony and cowardice—two good old traits which from time immemorial have distinguished the comic servants of play and opera.

Mr. Dungan was manly and martial as the Swedish officer Kilberg, and Mr. De Angelis

doubled two small comedy sketches successfully.

The band under Mr. Nowak was remarkable for the precision and effectiveness of its work. The chorus was well drilled, but scant in numbers and somewhat aged of aspect. Since the first representation it has been strengthened.

BROADWAY.—THE OOLAH.

Hoolahgoolah Francis Wilson
The Prince Hubert Wilke
Akhalakak Charles Plunkett
Nedjel Thomas H. Persse
The Cadi Harry Macdonough
Bampos Elma Delaro
Tourouloupi Marie Jansen
Darimora Laura Moore

Francis Wilson inaugurated his career as a star at the Broadway Theatre, on Monday night, in a comic opera representation of which any manager producing that style of entertainment might well feel proud. The costumes and scenery were a feast for the eye. Oriental magnificence was depicted with a glowing realism that furnished many delightful stage pictures, and the entrance of the Prince on horseback in the first act was a grouping worthy of grand opera.

The Oolah is an adaptation of La Jolie Persane, Lecocq's operetta, and the work of adapting the libretto has been fairly well done by Sydney Rosenfeld. The music, which is by the composer of The Little Duke, is light and tuneful, although it lacks the swinging Eastern rhythm. Though at first glance the story of the Oolah, an official who must be married by a woman who is divorced before she can change her mind and re-marry her husband, seems funny, it was not made so on the stage on Monday night. Mr. Wilson is an artist, and the fact that he made the title role of the opera interesting was due more to his own exertions and his comic individuality than to the libretto. The topical song given him in the second act, with the refrain of "A-a-hem" may yet be whipped into success, as may also Marie Jansen's song, "When I First Began to Flutter." As Tourouloupi Miss Jansen looked pretty and shapely in boy's dress. She has grown somewhat thinner since she was seen here last in the Casino forces, but has lost none of her old-time charm or grace of manner, and together with the star and Laura Moore, who was never in better voice and sang charmingly, carried off the honors of the evening. Hubert Wilke was a handsome Prince, and had ample opportunity to display the fine baritone quality of his voice in the numbers allotted to him. Thomas H. Persse, a new-comer, sang well as Nedjel, the abused husband, but acted by fits and starts, and set the auditor's teeth on edge by his ananied bursts of temper. Harry Macdonough was funny at times as the Cadi, and Elma Delaro in a role, similar to many others in which she has been seen here before, acted with discretion and care. Charles Plunkett was mirth-provoking as Akhalakak. There was a large and well-drilled chorus, and Signor de Novellis deserves much credit for the way in which the orchestra was handled. It was evident from the first that the friends of Mr. Wilson were determined upon giving the comedian an ovation, and, ill-advised bursts of applause came near doing the performance more harm than good. Between the second and third acts there was a steady stream of ushers, rushing down the aisles, laden with immense floral tokens for members of the company. At the fall of the curtain, Mr. Wilson made a speech. If the adapter should revise the libretto without delay and Mr. Wilson is thus enabled to elaborate his part, The Oolah may possibly be made acceptable to the patrons of comic opera.

CASINO.—THE BRIGANDS.

Fiorella Lillian Russell
Pragoleto Fanny Rice
Princess of Granada Isabelle Uryghart
Adolph Sylvia Gerrish
Salomero Edwin Stevens
Pietro Fred Solomon
Antonio Henry K. Williams
Duke of Mantua Henry Hallam
Count of Eria Casala John E. Brand
Captain of Carabiniere Richard Carroll

With handsome scenery, picturesque costumes, rich appointments of every description, The Brigands was produced on last Thursday night at the Casino. The music of the operetta is by Offenbach, and the libretto by W. S. Gilbert. But Mr. Kerker has apparently been trying to improve on the one and Mr. Freeman on the other, with results un-Offenbachian, but nevertheless in the popular vein. The music is sparkling and of the bright order which distinguished most of the work of the king of opera-bouffe. The book is not oppressively complex or especially interesting, but it tells its story amusingly, and with a good deal of comic incident and situation thrown in.

The Brigands is sung and mounted in the well-known style of the Casino. Miss Russell is gorgeously beautiful as Fiorella, the daughter of the brigand chief, and sings charmingly. Miss Rice is dainty and piquant as the young lover Pragoleto. Miss Uryghart's substantial beauty is advantageously displayed as the Princess. Mr. Solomon makes a droll Pietro, and his topical song "goes" with much gusto. Mr. Stevens as the Chief, Mr. Brand as the Spanish Count, and the other principals are satisfactory.

The scenery and accessories are sumptuous, while the chorus—large in numbers—sings superbly. The Brigands will probably run through the Summer.

NIBLO'S.—A NOBLE SON.

Professor Fresno Daggar E. J. Buckley
Rev. Robert Hunter J. P. Brian
Edgar Duncan Davenport Hobbs
Pipsey Wilmerding Sedley Brown
Wat Winkle Daniel Kelly
Mrs. Duncan Beatrice Markham
Ethel Hudson Beatrice Moreland
Mrs. Major Plunker Annie Deland
Hortense Keala Carlstedt
Miss Daisy Danner Johnstone Bennett

A remarkable mixture of every known form of dramatic writing, from the pen of Leonard Grover, was presented at Niblo's on Monday night, under the title of A Noble Son. The piece commenced with an emotional prologue, proceeded with an act of broad farce, followed by an act of pathetic incidents. The third act has elements of both comic and tragic construction, and the last act is difficult to classify. But, with all its curious incongruities and melodramatic absurdities, the piece contains many effective and entertaining situations.

The prologue, shows a plain, gentle-minded clergyman who by personal effort, among his friends and parishoners, manages to raise a sufficient sum to pay off the mortgage on his little Connecticut church. On the day named by the trustees to receive the amount it is stolen from the drawer by a character who looks like a freebooter. A suspicion of guilt is thus attached to the son who returned home that day after his graduation from college. After the prologue the son is discovered to be Professor Daggar, a New York dramatic coach, and is made the vehicle for an amusing burlesque of Camille in rehearsal by pupils of a dramatic school. This episode has many sarcastic flings at the craze for the stage, prevalent among society ladies. The professor marries one of his pupils and the scene shifts to one of melodramatic poverty in a garret. In this state of things, his wife is lured from him by the tricky persuasions of his mother-in-law and the scoundrel who stole the money. His father was the unwitting tool in persuading her to leave him, and by a trick of the villain she is divorced. As soon as she is gone her husband enters the room, encountering his father. The scene ends by the hero going stark mad and falling senseless before his father. In the last act, however, the villain is unmasked, and matters are straightened out with the usual satisfactory result. E. J. Buckley played the character of the self-sacrificing son with considerable force and artistic finish. Beatrice Moreland gave an appropriate impersonation of Ethel Hudson. Johnstone Bennett as Daisy Danner was comically serious in her clever burlesque of Camille. In fact, the whole cast proved efficient, and the audience appeared pleased with the performance.

UNION SQUARE.—OLD JED PROUTY.

Old Jed Prouty Richard Golden
Lige Fred W. Peters
Beacon Hill Chas. Bowser
John Todd James F. Dean
Aaron Hemmingway M. J. Jordan
Zack Wilcox Frank R. Jackson
Zeb Hardy H. M. Morse
Joe Stover F. C. Wells
Dick Struble Charles Thropp
Fly Lillian Chantore
Martha Giddens Mrs. Frank A. Tannehill
Trib Prouty Esther Drew
Penny Todd Helene Brooks
Mrs. Stubbs Little Millie Smith
Janette Little Millie Smith
Alice Little Millie Smith

The theatrical current is running in the direction of rural plays just at present. The success of The Old Homestead and The County Fair has apparently stimulated William Gill and Richard Golden to concoct a piece called Old Jed Prouty that was seen for the first time in this city, at the Union Square Theatre on Monday night. The principal drawback of this enterprise is that it is guilty of infringement on various dramatic predecessors. It is but fair to accredit the play with wholesome pathos and ludicrous reproduction of country characters and rural methods. The plot, however, is incoherent, notably in the third act, and there is a lack of artistic construction throughout.

The locality chosen for the purpose of caricaturing provincial peculiarities is Bucksport, Me. The scenic background of the first act presents a view of Fort Knox on the Penobscot River. The perspective of this scene is so faulty that the river looks as if it were flowing skyward. The story opens at Prouty's Hotel. A little girl known as Tretty has been raised from an infant by old Jed Prouty, while the father of the child, Aaron Hemmingway, is leading an adventurous life away from home. Aaron returns and claims his child, but the little girl is not given up to him. Incidentally he forges a mortgage, which is presented to Jed in the last act, during the birthday party of Tretty. The old man believes the mortgage genuine at first, but finding that it antedates the water mark on the paper, discovers the villainy of Aaron. The latter is allowed to depart, as he promises to reform. There is an amusing country trial in the second act, and in the third act the scene shifts to a fashionable flat in Boston. Richard Golden gave a capital character sketch of Old Jed Prouty. His conception was thoroughly

comical without being overdone. Charles Bowser was fluent and amusing in the eccentric role of Beacon Hill, a Boston drummer. James F. Dean as John Todd was a conventional lawyer. Frank R. Jackson, H. M. Morse and F. C. Wells were well made up, and depicted rural types without exaggeration. Lillian Chantore was comely and efficient in the character of Martha Giddens. Esther Drew gave a creditable impersonation of Fanny Todd. Mrs. Frank A. Tannehill as Martha Giddens conveyed the nasal twang and other New England attributes, with more or less artistic truthfulness. Helene Brooks was acceptable as Mrs. Stubbs, a lugubrious widow, but made a poor attempt at pronouncing French in her subsequent part of the maid. Fred W. Peters was rather commonplace as Lige, while Master Charles Thropp was boisterous but amusing in the dual roles of Dick Stubbs and Fly, a messenger boy. The hit of the evening was made by little Millie Smith, a very clever child actress, who won enthusiastic applause and several encores by her dancing in the last act.

STAR.—ANNETTE, THE DANCING GIRL.

Sanford Weldon Alfred Hudson
Herbert Ashton Frank Lander
Pete Frank Hewitt
Dandy Dick J. K. Applebee, Jr.
Joe Henry Toste
Whistling Ned Thos. F. Browne
Annette Ullie Akerstrom
Mrs. Weldon Maggie Harold
Madge Jennie Morris
Florence Markey Jennie Nichols

Ullie Akerstrom made her first appearance before a New York audience on Monday night at the Star Theatre, in her own four-act comedy-drama, Annette the Dancing Girl, and was welcomed by an overflowing house. The play has little merit except that it serves as a vehicle for this sprightly little star to display her abilities to advantage. The story opens in New Orleans. Annette has been stolen from her parents by Madge, her father's former mistress, who, to revenge herself for his desertion of her, forces Annette to dance in the streets, and endeavors to bring about her ruin by sending her to the clubhouse of a notorious gambler. Annette, however, has a faithful friend in Joe, a cripple, who is the illegitimate son of Madge and Annette's father. Joe brings to the rescue Herbert Ashton, a young New Yorker, who is on his way to Havana, and Annette escapes. To avoid further persecutions, she disguises herself as a boy, and obtains passage on a vessel bound for Havana. When leaving the club-house, Ashton is knocked down and robbed by Dandy Dick, an adventurer, who, believing that he has killed his victim, leaves the country. Making use of Ashton's letters of introduction, he presents himself as Herbert Ashton at the home of Sanford Weldon in Havana. Six months later Annette, who has in the meantime found a protector in an old negro, Pete, discovers by means of a locket that Weldon is her father, and is received by him with open arms. Although in love with her unknown rescuer, she yields to her father's wishes, and is betrothed to the fraudulent Ashton. The real Ashton, having recovered from his injuries, arrives upon the scene, the villainy of Dandy Dick is exposed, and Annette and Ashton are united.

Ullie Akerstrom as Annette proved herself to be a soubrette of marked ability, and speedily won the hearts of the large and appreciative audience. Her recitation of the original verses "Toot yer horn if you don't sell a clam," was decidedly clever and was enthusiastically applauded. Her dancing is skillful and catchy. Frank Hewitt as Pete was funny although somewhat conventional. J. K. Applebee, Jr., as Dandy Dick, was grotesquely incompetent. Frank Lander as Herbert Ashton was at his ease, but gave a rather tame performance of the part. Hattie Morris as Madge, was earnest and painstaking. The company, as a whole, is hardly up to the standard.

During the second act several specialties were introduced, the best of which were Ullie Akerstrom's Catlas Dance and the whistling of Thomas F. Browne.

DALY'S THEATRE.—MY LORD IN LIVERY.

Lord Thirlmere Courtenay Thorpe
Lord Tommy Trapp Morton Sellen
Spiggott Felix Morris
Hopkins Ferdinand Gottschalk
Robert Tommy Fore
Laura Helen Standish
Maud Helene Dacre
Sybil Rosina Vokes

A change of bill was instituted at Daly's Theatre last Thursday night, when Rosina Vokes and her associates came forward with another triple bill, consisting of three one-act pieces.

The performance commenced with a play called The Old Musician, adapted from the French by Felix Morris. According to the programme the audience is led to anticipate a comedy, but this classification of the piece is erroneous, as the humorous incidents are subsidiary to the predominant pathos of the title-role.

Monsieur Jacques, the old musician, has had a romantic love affair in his youth with an Italian countess, which has blighted his whole life. After a brief honeymoon he had been thrown into jail through the persecution of her aristocratic relatives, and finally expelled from Italy. On his departure a kindly priest

had handed him a letter from the countess bidding him to take hope, as she would soon join him. Being somewhat weak-minded from suffering, privation and sorrow, he still believes, in his old age, that she will return to him, and looks for her coming at the outset of the play, not knowing that she is dead.

Her daughter Nina arrives in her stead, however, just as Monsieur Jacques is about to be ousted by Croquet, his mercenary landlord, because he cannot pay his rent and refuses to make over to him an opera on which he has spent the best years of his life. The usual amatory episode is introduced through the pangs of love entertained for Nina by Percival, an impecunious poet.

Felix Morris gave an excellent character sketch of the poor old musician, but the pathetic phases of the role grow somewhat tedious at times from the prevalence of reminiscent soliloquies. Morton Selten did commendable work as Percival, and Ferdinand Gottschalk as Croquet was amusing and realistic. Helen Standish, like other actresses who have been lauded for good looks, is altogether too languid in her histrionic efforts. It would do her no harm to speak a little louder and drop her mannerism of raising her arms like a mechanical doll.

My Uncle's Will which followed is one of the best of S. Theyre Smith's comediettas, and scintillates with clever dialogue. Rosina Vokes as Florence and Morton Selten as Charles Cashmore entered into the spirit of the piece with humorous effectiveness, and reproduced the fencing-bout of wit and reproach between the two lovers in a manner that would be difficult to surpass. Indeed, Mr. Selten surprised many in the audience by his unexpected animation. The vivacity of Rosina Vokes would prove contagious to almost any actor. Ferdinand Gottschalk who appeared as Mr. Barker made the most of a rather thankless role.

My Lord in Livery, also by S. Theyre Smith, was the principal novelty and the cast, accordingly, has been placed at the head of this notice. The piece is wildly farcical, but it is far above the average of similar conceptions, especially in the situation where three young ladies allow a real footman to take liberties with them, under the impression that he is Lord Thirlmore, a real nobleman, masquerading as a lackey, in order to win a bet he had made with Lord Trefoil, a fellow officer. When the genuine nobleman arrives in disguise, he is taken for a burglar by Spiggott, the old butler, who communicates his suspicions to the young women, and his lordship's every action casts terror into the souls of the entire household. The temporary burglar returns all the valuables except the ring he had wagered to obtain from Sybil in the course of half an hour, and patterning after Claude Duval, makes the women dance a minuet. Lord Trefoil, disguised as a police officer, breaks up this Terpsichorean pleasantries, and ultimately the whole joke is explained to the great relief of the terrified young ladies and the cowardly old butler.

Rosina Vokes was capital as Sybil, and her simulation of fear while endeavoring to seem perfectly at her ease in an off-hand conversation with her companions was thoroughly comical, and provoked a great deal of laughter.

Courtenay Thorpe has a breezy style that was well suited to the eccentric doings of the young navy officer playing the burglar in the garb of a footman. Felix Morris as Spiggott offered a humorous sketch of artistic excellence, and Ferdinand Gottschalk deserves equal commendation for the life-like manner in which he delineated the vulgar familiarity of a typical footman. Helen Standish as Laura and Helena Dacre as Maud were comely representatives of their respective roles, while Morton Selten and Tommy Yore fulfilled the requirements of minor parts.

PEOPLE'S.—AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

Lillian Lewis, who for some time past has been starring in As in a Looking-Glass, appeared in this piece at the People's Theatre on Monday last. The version Miss Lewis presents is the work of Lawrence Marston, and might appropriately be described as hysterical melodrama. As Lena Despard, Miss Lewis was not seen to particular advantage, her impersonation of that character being altogether overdrawn. William Harkins as Capt. Jack Fortenbras and Palmer Collins as Paul Dromiroff, made the most of their respective roles. The Algernon Balfour of Lawrence Marston was somewhat angular. The hit of the evening was made by Adele Bray, who played the character part of Lena's maid, Felicia. The rest of the cast was mediocre, and the scenery was by no means what it should have been. Next week Boucicault's After Dark.

STANDARD.—MAZULM.

The celebrated Ravel pantomime, Mazulm, was revived at the Standard on Monday night by the Kiralfy company. It was the first New York presentation of this pleasing spectacle since its lengthy run at the Academy last season. The managerial promises of "new features, new scenes, new dresses and new ballets" were partially fulfilled, and the

audience rendered decidedly good humored thereby. Among the innovations the Ballet of Gems was pre-eminent, and merited the encores received. The effects in the other ballets were seriously marred by lack of training on the part of the second coryphees, which was particularly noticeable in the ensembles. Mme. Lille, the *premiere*, displayed a pretty face and a handsome figure, as well as marked ability and marvelous agility. Among the specialties, Bibb and Bobb, a comical and musical team, and the Dare Brothers, clever gymnasts, elicited the most applause. In the cast were W. H. Bartholomew, C. W. Ravel, T. S. Dare, Louise Allen and Ada Dare, who acquitted themselves with more or less credit. The costumes were mostly new, but the scenery was old and showed considerable wear. Mazulm will continue two weeks.

THIRD AVENUE.—THE RULING PASSION.

The Ruling Passion, which is always a favorite subject with the east-side audiences, commenced a week's engagement at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday last. Lottie Church gave a creditable performance in the principal role and was assisted by a fair company. The scenery was excellent. Next week Lost in New York.

WINDSOR.—THE TWO SISTERS.

Denman Thompson's Two Sisters was presented by a strong company before a delighted audience at the Windsor, on Monday night. The play has been strengthened since it was first seen in this city. Eugene Jepson as Hiram Pepper received three curtain calls and Lavinia White and May Merrick, as the two sisters, were very acceptable.

THALIA.—THE CATTLE KING.

A top-heavy audience was present at the Thalia Theatre last Monday evening, when James H. Wallick commenced a week's engagement in The Cattle King. The wonderful acting horses, Charger, Bay Raider and Jim, performed to advantage under the clever handling of the star, and came in for lots of applause. Next week The Boy Tramp.

AT OTHER HOUSES.

Featherbrain, at the Madison Square Theatre, has been drawing large audiences, its mirth-provoking qualities being highly appreciated.

The Wife is in its last week at the Lyceum Theatre where the regular stock season ends on Saturday night.

The clever songs and dances of Fritz continue to make Cousin Joe popular at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Denman Thompson is beginning to think of the real New Hampshire fields as he walks over the stage representations of them at the Academy of Music, for the season's run of The Old Homestead is fast drawing to a close.

The tolling of A Midnight Bell continues at the Bijou Theatre as that play nears its tenth night.

At the Twenty-third Street Theatre Neil Burgess is as funny as ever in The County Fair and the audience never fail to get excited over the race scene.

Pat's Wardrobe with Pat Rooney as the star is in its second week at Tony Pastor's where the houses have not fallen off in size since the great comedian's advent.

The programme at Koster and Bial's this week includes Lawlor and Thornton, Miss Florence Miller and Hilda Thomas.

OBITUARY.

WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP.

Washington Irving Bishop, the phenomenal mind reader, died at noon on Monday last, at the Lamb's Club, this city, where Mr. Bishop had been the guest of Henry W. Dixey. The immediate cause of his death was over exertion in performing some of his remarkable feats. He had successfully given the dagger act, and proceeded to follow that performance with the difficult feat of finding a word in a book which was to be previously selected by one of the gentlemen present. In this he was also successful, but the intense mental strain attending this feat proved too great, and Mr. Bishop suddenly fell to the floor in a cataleptic fit. Dr. John A. Irwin, who is a member of the Lamb's Club, happened to come in at this time, and he at once rendered aid to the patient. When the physician finally succeeded in restoring Mr. Bishop to consciousness, the latter announced his intention of performing another and more difficult feat. Dr. Irwin and the gentlemen present endeavored to dissuade him from making the attempt, but their efforts were unavailing. Mr. Bishop replied, "I am not afraid of these fits, for I've had a dozen of them, and I'm alive yet. But I intend to do the feat even if it kills me, just to show all that I can do it." The performance consisted in finding the book, the page and the word which had been previously selected by a committee. An old minute-book in the basement containing the name Townsend was selected by the committee. Mr. Bishop was blindfolded, proceeded to the basement, found the book and dashed off "Duesnot" on a piece of paper,

that being the word spelled backward. Scarcely had he written the word when he was again seized by the cataleptic fit, and gradually sank into a coma, from which he died. Everything that medical skill could suggest was called into requisition to save the life of this remarkable man, but all proved ineffectual.

Mr. Bishop was born in this city in 1847. Under a delicate appearance he possessed nerves of steel, an indomitable will, a muscular development, and physical strength such as few even of the most robust men are constituted with. He was at one time a drug clerk in this city. His first public appearance was made in 1875-6, when he was connected with Anna Eva Fay, the spiritualist medium, as business manager. Afterward he gave *exposés* of spiritualism. He went to England in 1881, where he achieved considerable notoriety, especially in the controversy with Henry Labouchère, editor of London Truth. Mr. Bishop subsequently traveled all over the world. He claimed to possess a mysterious power that he could not himself understand. He was a very entertaining conversationalist and a man of considerable culture. He leaves a daughter by his first marriage. He was married four times, and his domestic life has received the fullest attention at the hands of the sensational press.

Dr. Ferguson, the pathologist of the New York and St. Luke's Hospital, made a post-mortem examination. The brain and internal organs were all examined.

B. J. HAGENBUCH.

B. J. Hagenbuch, proprietor and manager of the old Academy of Music at Allentown, Pa., died in that city on Tuesday evening last. The deceased had an apoplectic stroke on the morning of the 6th inst., which rendered him unconscious until he passed away thirty-six hours after. Mr. Hagenbuch was the pioneer theatrical manager of the Lehigh Valley. He built the Academy of Music in Allentown in 1871. That house was the first place of amusement erected in Allentown. He managed the Academy personally, with the exception of two years, until the end of last season. The old Academy was then sold and converted into a warehouse. The deceased was sixty-six years of age. He was widely and favorably known to the profession on the Pennsylvania circuit. As a citizen he was public-spirited, active, vigorous and progressive, and he contributed not a little to the advancement and prosperity of Allentown.

WALTER B. WOODALL.

Walter B. Woodall of the T. J. Farron company, died last week of typhoid fever at the home of his wife's father, a clergyman in Wilmington, Del. The deceased played with the Farron company up to three or four days prior to his death. Mr. Farron and the members of his company secured a palace car for the dying man, who was accompanied by his devoted wife on his last sad journey to Wilmington.

REFLECTIONS.

Ramsay Morris has contracted with Manager A. H. Wood to write a play for Tommy Russell.

Jennie Yeamans has a new comedy by Frank Tannehill, Jr., in which she will star next season.

Mrs. Isabella Preston has been engaged for the Private Secretary company for the balance of the season.

Frank Girard recently presented Lizzie Evans with a handsome Elk badge, inscribed "From the Oldest Elk to the Prettiest."

The Sans Souci Garden, at Providence, R. I., is to open on the 27th inst with Lizzie Evans in The Buckeye as the attraction.

Leon Mayer, one of the most capable of road managers, has been engaged as advance agent for Evans and Hoey for next season.

Old Jed Prouty will in all probability be kept on the road all Summer. It is booked for three weeks at the Union Square Theatre.

E. J. Henly and W. H. Thompson have been engaged for The Spider's Web to be presented at Hamlin's Opera House, Chicago, on June 3.

James H. Alliger has been engaged by Arthur Rehan as his business representative for his coming trip to Halifax, N. S., and St. John, N. B.

Charles H. Stanley has been specially engaged to play the English comedy part in Taken From Life, at the National Theatre, Philadelphia, on June 3.

Weister and Brady's She company will close its season of over one hundred weeks, on Saturday night, in Worcester, Mass. This is one of the longest runs on record.

The Ralph Ward Comedy company, J. J. Kennedy, star, came to grief in Easton, Pa., on last Sunday, after a week of poor business. Salaries are said to have been in arrears.

Frank Deshon, the well-known operatic manager, will take out a farce-comedy next season by H. Grattan Donnelly, entitled Mamma. Amy Ames will most probably be seen in the title role.

Joseph Lewis & Son, a peculiar play in three acts, that tells a story of social life out of the usual line, will be produced at the opening of the New Progress Club in this city next Autumn. The play is by Henry Doblin, and will probably be staged by Charles S. Dickson.

Gus Mortimer has arranged with Klaw and Erlanger to book the separate tours of Marie Wainwright in Twelfth Night and Louis James in a repertoire next season.

One of the most prominent features of the production of After Dark at the People's Theatre next week will be the London Music Hall scene, in which Billy Myers, the well-known pugilist, will appear.

E. E. Rice retains his interest in the Corsair next season. He will organize the company presenting it, and will be with it the greatest part of the time. All the original scenery and costumes are to be used.

John E. Keiler, who took the role of Prince Saviani, in Jocelyn, during the Brooklyn engagement of Rose Coghlan, last week, won much praise from the press of that city for the clever impersonation.

A. L. Griffin and Fred P. Wilson have leased the melodrama, Reuben Glue, from the owner, Chas. Atkinson, and will present it the coming season, retaining the services of Johnny Prindle in the title role.

Charles Miller will be in this city next Monday to finish up his business in connection with Kajanka, which will open its season in September at Columbus, O. It will be seen here at Niblo's Garden during the holidays.

A Postage Stamp Company closed its thirty-seven weeks' successful season last Saturday night in Binghamton. A profit of \$15,000 is reported to have been cleared. Next season the company will go as far West as San Francisco.

Bronson Howard is expected to arrive in this city to-day (Wednesday), and the work for the production of Shenandoah, as far as the cast and scenery are concerned, will be completed before he leaves the metropolis again.

Billy Emerson will leave this city to-morrow (Thursday) to join the Howard Athenaeum company, which is now playing at Hooley's, where it is duplicating its former success, having opened to over \$300 more than on its original date there.

Franklin Nelson Darling, musical director of the Wilbur Opera company, was married on Thursday in Poughkeepsie to Marie Robertson, of the same organization.

E. H. Sothern is playing this week in Los Angeles. Since leaving San Francisco, arrangements have been made for his appearance there again next May in Lord Chumley.

Wm. T. Armitage, who has just closed as treasurer with the Said Pasha company, has accepted a similar engagement for the Summer with the W. A. Thompson company, which opens at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, on June 27, in a repertoire of light operas.

The Estelle Clayton Comedy company, under the management of H. Henry, is rapidly filling its dates, under the most encouraging auspices. Mr. Henry is among the recent arrivals in the city, and can be addressed at Hotel Bartholdi, Broadway and Twenty-third street.

The Boston Quintette Club closed its season on the 4th inst. at Omaha, Neb., after having given 175 concerts and made two trips to the Pacific coast and back. The season has been the most successful that the company has ever had. The next season will open in San Francisco on Oct. 17.

Featherbrain will be continued indefinitely at the Madison Square Theatre, arrangements to that effect having been made on Monday night. The play has been drawing good audiences since the start and is reported to be the first big comedy success in that theatre since The Private Secretary.

The Lyceum Theatre will end its regular season on next Saturday night (May 18) with The Wife. The first year's record at this house has been one of unvarying prosperity. On May 20 Mr. Frohman's company will appear in Brooklyn, and after a two weeks' rest will start on their annual Summer tour, which commences in San Francisco, June 16. The theatre will be closed until E. H. Sothern returns in August.

Adelaide Cherie, the well-known actress, formerly popular at Wallack's, has been secured to star in next season's big production of Only a Farmer's Daughter, under the direction of Charles Mortimer. Miss Cherie, who formerly starred in this play and in Diplomacy, and who has been Modjeska's leading lady, has just returned from abroad, and brings some gorgeous costumes, which will be used on the tour. Mr. Mortimer has secured Only a Farmer's Daughter from C. R. Gardiner, and will tour it for forty-four weeks, commencing Aug. 26 at Philadelphia.

The new California Theatre, San Francisco, opened on Monday night with Booth and Barrett, and the event was made a most memorable one. The house was large and enthusiastic, and the stars were called out after every act. Mr. Booth went all over the house after the performance, and stated that, although he had seen the finest theatres in Europe, he never saw any to equal the one in which he was in. The Dramatic Mirror correspondent telegraphs that the theatre is undoubtedly the finest in the world, and that a column description would fail to do it justice. The audience was delighted with the house, and gave an ovation to both artists.

Postmaster W. P. Hale, of Peru, Ind., writes that there are unclaimed letters for the following professionals, lying at the Peru post-office. If these letters are not written for in two weeks they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office. The following is the list: Miss Jessie Bonstello, Mrs. E. M. Favor, Miss Lillie Melbourne, Mrs. R. L. Scott, Nelse Compton, Ammon E. Keble, John F. Leonard, Chas. Burke, John Saunders, Geo. Houckum, John L. Mober, Burt Klunk, Jas. F. Burton, Billie Casal, Miss Marguerite Fish, Wm. Hart, T. B. Hughes, Howard Hall, Harry Lawrence, Miss Carrie Lewis, C. A. Laders, Mr. McLeroy, Miss Helen Russell, Harry Singleton, Manager A Boy Hero combination, Fisher and Hanson company.

LIFE.

I prayed for gold,
It came;
The world was bought and sold,
I dropped it from my hold.
I prayed for fame,
It came;
It turned my heart to stone,
It left me sad, alone.
I prayed my fate would send
A friend;
Not all my friendship tried
Could keep him by my side.
Prayed I to God above
For love.
Love came,
A fierce, devouring flame
Of violence and shame,
Gone in a breath.
Dear God!
I pray for death!

E. V. S.

AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

The blisful Summer-time is here. There is no use denying that fact if you live in the back room of a boarding-house, for everybody opens their windows to let in the cool, or hot, air, whichever it may be, and then you begin to realize that you are living in the Garden of Eden—that is, as far as seeing your neighbors in various states of undress is concerned.

However, that is the least interesting part. It never dawns upon you until the sweet Summer-time how very musical New York is. It never dawns upon you until the golden days have arrived, in exactly how many keys one special tune can be played.

Looking at myself from a geographical standpoint, I am bound on the North by a German band that plays everything from Wagner to A Brass Monkey, and then has the impudence to ring the bell and ask you to pay for it; on the South by a small girl who does her scales religiously for two hours in the morning, half an hour at noon and a half-hour after dinner. The East is given over to a music teacher who has all her advanced pupils singing "The Carnival of Venice," and all those who are not advanced are adhering closely to English ballads.

But that is the worst. There is a sociable club, a club addicted to music, a club to which the different members bring their different instruments and torture them, but in which resides a special genius. His ability displays itself in a peculiar way—I have never heard the like before, and I am hoping now he may take a fancy to go out to Oklahoma and grow up with the new city—though, poor soul, I do not think he would be allowed that privilege, for even gamblers and toughs cannot stand everything.

Night before last, when I had a nervous headache that made me think De Quincy lively and Watt's Hymns to abstruse to understand the genius began. He played "God Save the Queen" with one finger. I did not mind that much; indeed I did not care if he saved the whole English nation with it, but after he was all through and I was pressing my aching head, and crying "Oh! joy, oh! rapture!" he played the same tune with two hands and later on with variations. Did he stop then? On my honor as a free citizen, while and at, I can assure you that he played in just the same way all the National airs, "Annie Laurie," the "Boulanger March," some of the tunes from Erminie, all of Pinafore, and then he stopped.

Since then I have hated music. I don't care if I am fitted for spoils and stratagems and all of the things that the divine William says people are who have no music in their souls. I am sure if Billy Shakespeare himself had heard the Boulanger done with one finger, then with two hands and then with variations, he would have taken to the Forest of Arden, or else he would have headed a body of White Caps and come down on the fend who presided at the piano.

There are fools and fools in this world, and Featherbrain may, of course, be counted as one type. We have all met her, and nine times out of ten we are fond of her inanity and her absolute inability to keep out of mischief. But even Featherbrain has sense enough to dress well. Her type understands that and I want to say, speaking out my feelings exactly, that I do not like the way Miss Minnie Maddern looks as Featherbrain.

I don't care if it is after the English pattern; I don't care if it is the way the English writers say she ought to be dressed. I insist upon it, it is the way she ought not to be. She can be jaunty, if you will, even a bit boyish; but she need not look like an advanced advocate of suffrage and prohibition, and she need not wear the most atrocious hats that were ever invented. They may be even funny, but Miss Minnie Maddern is too charming a woman, and even Featherbrain was too delightful to be made ridiculous by them.

That is the something no woman can afford to be, and poor little Featherbrain, teased about because she is so lightheaded, is never ridiculous, only amusing, and there is a vast difference there.

So the divine Sarah has made a success as Lena Despard? I never attempt to deny anything stated in print; yet from my own standpoint, I do not believe she has.

In the first place, to look or act like a lady is entirely impossible to Madame Bernhardt. Her Camille is the most altogether perfect creation because she makes her what she is—a well-mannered, rather sentimental courtesan—who dies of consumption at the moment when it is most effective.

Her Frou-Frou is a triumph of art; a foolish, badly-bred young woman, flattered because she is pretty, loved because she does not deserve it, and whose death is most opportune. Her Pédora is a superb creation—a Russian princess whose morals are not over-good; whose back, having been scratched by the hand of revenge, shows her a Tartar. Her Theodora, the finest work she ever did, is a gypsy, a queen, but never of high birth, of old traditions or of fine breeding.

The one effort Madame Bernhardt made to create a woman who, at least, went in the grand world, was in the Maitre des Forges, and she failed.

Now, Lena Despard, adventures, if you will, was nevertheless born and bred a lady. Poverty made her, as it has made many a woman, wicked; but she never forgot the traditions of the people she came from, and her great yearning was to go back and take again her place among them. She was not of Bohemia, though she lived in it. A cut from a woman of the other world hurt her, and *intrigante* though she was, she always fought her enemies, not with the weapon of a black-mailer, but with those of the women of the class to which she belonged.

How can Sarah be this woman? She knows but one class—that which she has made for herself. She has been in the great world, but always knowing nothing of it, and after all there are no manners so hard to copy as those of the well-bred English woman, for, unlike the French woman, she says little, and one only guesses by her tone and her manner just of whom and of what she approves.

Sarah is a genius, but not a *grande dame*. Oddly enough, Jane Hading, who is of the middle class, can much better portray the woman of the great world, and yet one is quite certain that she has never seen as much of it as has the other actress.

How can you account for this?

↑ ↑ ↑

So they have formed an Actors' Athletic Club? I wonder what athletics they will do? Do you think the straight bar will be oftenest in favor?

One thing I do protest against and that is in interfering with the legs of Jimmy Powers. I grieve because he is not in the new opera. I consider, and I have a large army of followers who believe in me—feminine followers I mean—that those legs are the nearest to Hogarth's line of beauty that can be imagined.

There is a whirling, twirling sort of fascination about them—you try to keep your eyes off them, you look straight down the throat of the prima donna and wonder if both of her tonsils are cut out; you stare at the hero and wonder how he can be so heroic, sing at the same time and keep his point on, too; you count how many teeth the sourette has got and how many tucks she could put in her frock without its being any frock at all; you do all this, but you cannot save your life, keep your eyes from running back to Jimmy Powers' legs.

They meander, they sway, they do everything that can be described, and a great many things for which no name has been invented, but they are as absolutely fetching as the first kiss given you by your sweetheart.

Mr. Powers ought never to wear any costume except that of the ancient Roman—mere everyday trousers that conceal his beauties only tend to madden the admiring crowd that pay their money to look upon him. His acting may be called horse-play. I have never seen a horse play, but I have always heard accomplished horses credited with knowing how to laugh, and certainly he has this art. But horse-play or not, give me, oh, give me, the presence of James Powers, Esq.

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The Summer time is coming because everybody is hunting up books to take away to the sea-shore and moaning about the great American novel. Now, what is the use of worrying one's self about it? We are not likely, from the present outlook, to have it very soon, and we may just as well dose away our Summer with a gentleman like Henry Edmond, with an amusing adventures like Becky Sharp, with a delightful girl like Ethel Newcomb.

Live the whole of his life with David Copperfield; bask in the sunshine of royal favor with the "Three Mousquetaires;" find out what a king's love is worth with Louise La Valliere, cry the sunburn off our faces because of the unhappy "Man With the Iron Mask," and puzzle ourselves over the detective stories which Gaboirian and Boingobey sent over to us.

But these are not American, you say? Well, do we insist that our bon-bons shall be

American? That our trousers must be made on this side of the water? That there shall be no more bonnets from Viret's, no more frocks from Felix or Worth?

Nonsense! As a nation we are too Star Spangled. We ought to turn epicures and take the best that each country offers, and certainly we cannot claim so far that the American author has given the most interesting book.

Mr. Howell and Mr. James always seem to me to offer the lime water of existence, and who wants that, when there can be gotten the bright champagne of life, the rich burgundy that makes warm one's veins, the amontillado that makes one feel brave and ready to fight a host of invaders against Spain? All this is offered to us in the books of other nations, and why in the name of George Washington should we take inanity in plot and tiresome people as puppets?

The people of these American novelists are stuffed with sawdust. The people whom Dumas, Thackeray, Dickens, Lever, Gautier and Balzac introduce to us are flesh and blood, and we like to meet them year after year, even if we have to confess the truth that we only really see each one, though with great distinctness, as A REFLECTION.

WHERE THEY WILL RUSTICATE.

Despite the fact that it is still early in the season, the mind of the histrion is unconsciously turning toward the contemplation of escue from the sea breezes and fragrant pines of the mountains. A number of actors and actresses have already settled upon the locations of their Summer homes.

Joseph Jefferson will spend most of the warm months at Buzzard's Bay.

Maggie Mitchell will go to Europe, passing considerable of her time in Germany.

Murry Woods is already at Mt. Clemens, Mich., where he will sojourn for the Summer. Laura Burt will go to the Adirondacks, occasionally visiting Saratoga.

C. Win Perkins, who closed his season as manager of Daniel Bandmann at St. Louis on April 27, will devote his Summer to the management of Hotel des Iles, Bar Harbor, Me.

George Backus will spend the Summer at his home in Columbus, Ohio.

Walter Gale will enjoy his vacation with relatives on Long Island.

A. L. Erlanger will go to Buzzard's Bay for a few weeks.

Fanny Davenport is to divide her attention between Canton, Pa., and the Pacific Slope.

Annie Ward Tiffany, Charles Green and Charles B. Jefferson will sojourn at Buzzard's Bay.

Marc Klaw will devote a few weeks to rustication at Schroon Lake in the Adirondacks.

Katherine Coleman is visiting friends at Lebanon, Ohio. Miss Coleman will summer at Saratoga Springs.

J. B. Rich, the Boston manager, will go to Bucksport, Me., his native place, for the Summer.

George W. June will go to Europe during the latter part of next month.

As soon as the warm weather begins in earnest Mrs. E. L. Fernandez will go to her Summer residence at Mount Kisco, N. Y., coming down to her office at Klaw and Erlanger's every day.

Rose Coghlan will go to California and the Yosemite Valley for her Summer vacation.

Booth and Barrett will spend the Summer at Cohasset with perhaps an occasional trip to Buzzard's Bay.

Fred. Warde will rest at his home in Brooklyn.

Clara Morris will inhale the fresh Hudson River breezes at Riverdale.

F. P. Proctor will rusticate at the Smith estate in Larchmont, which he recently purchased.

Helen Barry will enjoy life at Block Island.

Lotta will gradually convalesce from her recent severe accident at her Summer cottage at Lake Hopatcong, N. J.

E. A. McDowell and wife will spend the Summer at Echo Lake, N. J.

Manager Sprague, of A Postage Stamp company, will Summer at Milford, Mass.

J. Kline Emmet, Jr., is getting his yacht *Zeno* in commission, and at the close of the season will take a three weeks' cruise in it off the coast of Maine.

John Schofield, Agnes Booth and John Gilbert will sojourn, as usual, at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

So far as known, Robson and Crane will Summer at Cohasset.

Annie Pixley and Robert Fulford will go to their delightful Summer house near London, Canada.

J. K. Emmet will stroll about his pretty place in Albany.

Kate Claxton and Charles Stevenson will continue to be landmarks of Mamaronock.

Nellie Henry and John Webster will go to the Atlantic Highlands as usual.

The Hansons will breathe the ozone of the Orange Mountains.

Rosa Evinge has been engaged by A. H. Wood for the stock company of his new West End Theatre, Harlem.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

ROLAND REED will close his season at Trenton on the 20th inst.

Miss BENNETT has been engaged for Karl Gardner's company, for his California trip.

McKEE RANKIN has closed with Gustave Frohman for a thirteen-weeks' tour of California.

KLAW and ERLANGER have completed the tour of The Old Homestead road company for E. A. McFarland.

CAPRIE RUSSELL, of The Queen's Mate company, has been engaged for A Tin Soldier company for next season.

GILBERT HUNTLEY, manager of the Grand Opera House, New Orleans, is in the city booking attractions for that house.

J. T. McELFATRICK, the theatre architect, states that more new theatres are being built all over the country than ever before.

CHARLES H. HICKS, Gustave Frohman's associate has arrived in the city and has taken charge of the routing work of Mr. Frohman's office.

WALTER OSMOND, of The Main Line company, recently presented J. J. Spies with a handsome gold-headed cane suitably inscribed.

HENRY LEX and J. W. McKinney left for San Francisco last Saturday night. They will produce The Cavalier in that city on June 10.

FRANK TUCKER, of the Tucker Dramatic company, has arranged with Gustave Frohman for May Blossom for the States of Illinois, Ohio and Indiana.

FRANK MARVEL, of Salisbury Troubadours, and Gus Moulton, of Verona Jarbeau's company, have taken desk room for the season at Klaw and Erlanger's Theatrical Exchange.

ROSE EYINGE is playing the Countess with Kate Claxton, and not Madame Frochard, as incorrectly reported in all the papers last week. Alice Leigh is playing the latter part in an acceptable manner.

THE Lillian Kennedy, Casey's Troubles company will close season at Hornellsville, N. Y., May 15. Their season is reported to have been a very prosperous one. They will open next season on Aug. 26.

It is reported that ex-Manager Charles A. Shaw, of the Toronto Opera House, is an absconding debtor. His "liabilities" are said to aggregate \$13,000. The Toronto press report him as having fled to New York.

THE Hamilton House at Stamford, Conn., of which Gustave Frohman is manager, has opened for the season and is already crowded with visitors. Mrs. Sol Smith and Alice Brown are among those who have secured rooms.

CHARLES BOWSER will make his first appearance in Cheek, at Providence, July 22. The following people have so far been secured for his company: Anna Vislaire, a protégé of George Washington Childs, Otis Turner and D. A. Burnett.

KATE CLAXTON has sold the exclusive rights of The Two Orphans for two years for the Pacific coast to L. R. Stockwell, the well-known San Francisco manager. The sale will probably put an effective stop to the piracy of the play in that part of the country.

NEIL BURGESS closes his season in A County Fair at the Twenty-third Street Theatre, on June 15. Negotiations are now pending between J. M. Hill and the comedian, to open the season of the Union Square Theatre next September with the play with the intention of having it run for a year if possible, or even longer.

MADLINE LUCETTE, whose writings have been frequently heard of lately, is at work on a new comedy for a comedian of the Nat Goodwin style. It is said by one who has heard it outlined to be equal to the work of the most popular authors of the day. W. W. Tillotson has a musical comedy by this author under consideration for production.

Mrs. BRONSON HOWARD, Mrs. E. H. Lowe and Mrs. Charles Barnard sailed for Europe on Wednesday last. It is rumored that Charles Barnard is at work on an invention comprising several wonderful effects that will be introduced into a new play, to be produced at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre next season.

J. D. FISKE and wife, of San Francisco, sailed for Europe on the *Umbria* last Saturday. Mr. Fiske is the manager of the Pacific Coast theatrical circuit, embracing a chain of 120 theatres, from Chicago or Missouri River points via San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. Klaw and Erlanger's Exchange and Randall's Bureau will represent Mr. Fiske during his absence in Europe.

J. KLINE EMMET, JR., is an enthusiastic sportsman. He has decorated his new office at No. 1,145 Broadway with a varied array of *bric-a-brac* suggestive of forest and stream, fin, fur and feather. A large bear skin serves as a rug, while over his desk is a moose's head. Love of field sports is something that Americans may copy from the "tight little island," without displaying the slightest symptom of Anglomaniac.

Mrs. W. H. SHERWOOD, whose husband is a representative of Jacobs' New Lyceum Theatre, Brooklyn, was pleasantly surprised on the anniversary of her birthday, May 6, by the attachés of the theatre presenting her with a rosewood escritoire and Turkish divan. Mr. Sherwood, who must have had an inkling of the conspiracy, had a collation awaiting the boys at his residence. The committee of arrangements were W. C. Morrison, Joseph Whitley and William De Bon.

BESIDES re-engaging Tukuragawa's Japanese troupe, the management of the Cleveland Minstrels announce that they have secured the troupes of Lugimate and Mitsuta, which are expected to arrive in America about July 1. There will be enough Japs for an Oriental Acrobatic Comic Opera. Other engagements include Banks Winter, tenor; Signor di Tomaso, basso; and the four minstrel comedians, Hughie Dougherty, Billy Emerson, Billy Rice and Willis P. Sweetman.

LONDON NEWS AND GOSSIP.

LONDON, May 2, 1889.

Henry Arthur Jones has had somewhat harsh measure meted out to him by the majority of my critical confrères. Not content with proclaiming that his new play, *Wealth*, which was produced at the Haymarket on Saturday night, is a failure of the most utter and complete description, some of them go so far as to declare that the author has herein shown an utter absence of the literary quality which he was supposed to possess, and they berate him soundly for his presumption and self-confidence. Herein I differ from some of my critical confrères *toto calo*. That *Wealth* failed to please the first-night audience is undeniable. I do not think it will in its present form, ever wholly please any audience in this country. But all the same, there is in it much good work and I say without hesitation that those who have been most cocksure of Jones' lack of literary merit might well be proud to have written such a failure, even on the score of its literary merit alone.

Reasons for *Wealth's* failure are not far to seek. *In primis*, it is in effect a one-part play written round Beerbohm Tree, and excellent a comedian as Tree is it is quite possible to have too much of him. Item: it is unrelieved by either love interest or low comedy. Moreover, it is handicapped by a death scene at the finish, and that sort of thing is rarely, if ever, popular on this side of the Atlantic. But the crowning sin which the author of *Wealth* has committed, is that he has dared to try and be original. Critics and public alike concur in condemning conventionality and claptrap; but when they get anything else they are generally slow to appreciate it. In the same breath they clamor for originality and they howl in derision at a would-be originator. When critics do agree, their unanimity is wonderful, and on Saturday night they almost with one accord, fell foul of poor Jones and his "psychological problem" and tore them both to tatters.

Matthew Ruddocke, the central figure of *Wealth*, is a self-made millionaire, whose money has driven him mad. From his first entrance the actor, with consummate art, lets the audience into the secret, but otherwise only the villain of the piece suspects the truth. This villain is John Ruddocke, Matthew's nephew, and if Jones had made him something more than a walking gentleman it would have been better for the play. Old Ruddocke is surrounded by a horde of poor relations, who fawn upon him for allotments in the new companies he is bringing out. He despises them heartily and fools them with sardonic humor. But the nephew, John, has got the length of Matthew's foot, as the saying is, and fools the old man for his own purposes. John is engaged to Edith, Matthew's only daughter, but she, of course, loves somebody else and hates John. Somebody else is Paul Davoren, a Sheffield manufacturer, who takes so high a view of the duties of capital that he shares his profits with his workmen, and thereby incurs the bitter hatred of old Ruddocke. The play opens in Matthew's palatial home in Kensington. It is the eve of Edith's marriage, and her fond father signals the occasion by donating the house and its contents to her and John. But there is trouble at the Ruddocke works. The men want an advance of wages, and old Mat determines to lock them out for six months—to teach them not to quarrel with their bread and butter. Edith's tears and entreaties prevail upon him to hold his hand, but anon the explosion which has been all along imminent bursts forth, upon Edith's refusal to marry John. Matthew casts his daughter from him and swears that she shall enter his house no more until she returns to obedience. Here endeth the first act.

The next act is devoted to the ineffectual efforts of well-meaning friends to reconcile father and daughter. John's wicked arts always stop the way. Matthew makes a new will, and not only leaves Edith out of it but actually makes her and Paul append their names as witnesses to the execution of the document. The continued opposition to his desires increases the old man's mental disturbance, and it is easy to see that a catastrophe is impending. He is all along haunted by a vague fear that he will die in the workhouse, but when telegrams announcing the further success of his speculations roll in old Ruddocke blasphemes wildly, and provokes the well-deserved censure of kind friends in front. In the next act the blow falls. There is a panic in the city, and the effect of it is to upset the balance of Matthew's reason altogether. Though really richer than ever, he fancies himself a bankrupt and gives way to wild delirium. He scatters coin and securities all over the stage, tears down the hangings, and upsets the furniture generally. Finally Edith comes to his rescue and leads him away. The last act takes place at Davoren's country house. Edith and Paul tend him with loving care, and he is happy with them, though he imagines himself penniless. John bursts in upon the scene to tell

him that he is richer than ever. The shock is too much for Matthew, and he dies in his daughter's arms.

Beerbohm Tree's impersonation of Matthew Ruddocke is, perhaps, the most finished and artistic performance that this accomplished artist has yet given us. His success—as actor—was as great as it was well deserved. Brookfield, as John Ruddocke, has but a shadowy part with few opportunities. Little Weedon Grosmith scored as a dude. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree did better than I expected, but the part is not a good one. Rose Leclercq, Macklin, Kemble, and other capable artists were comparatively wasted on the characters assigned to them. Since Saturday various alterations have been made in *Wealth*. The "blasphemy" has been cut out, and the more pronounced features of Tree's mad scene have also disappeared. But something more than mere excisions are needed to make the play popular with the public.

At the Vaudeville on Monday was commenced a short series of matinees of a new comic opera called *Faddimir*; or, *The Triumph of Orthodoxy*, by Arthur Reed and Oscar Neville. The plot, though wildly improbable, is not without humor. The music is reminiscent enough to be catchy, without being in any way hackneyed, and Neville certainly deserves high praise for his orchestration.

It is not often that a farcical comedy with little or no story keeps an audience in a continual roar from the rising of the curtain unto the falling thereof. This was, however, the case at Terry's on Wednesday afternoon, when a three-act piece called *Oh! These Widows* was produced. James Mortimer announces on the programme that he has "founded" this "on the French of Michel and Labiche," but vouchsafes no further information as to the source of his inspiration. If I am not mistaken *Oh! These Widows* is *La Station Champbaudet*, translated into our vulgar tongue, and with its characters rechristened by English names. The elder Weller's views on "vidder's" are well known. They have probably suggested to Mortimer the title of his adaptation, for he quotes a chunk of them upon his programme. There is really only one widow in the piece but she is about as warm as they are manufactured. She is of colonial origin and deeply enamoured of Spooner, an architect, instead of which he loves Ada Boffey daughter of a retired builder. Boffey and the widow occupy flats in the same house. Spooner visits the widow all the time on pretence of designing a monument for her dear departed. In reality the artful architect comes to court Ada. Complicated complications ensue. Spooner tries to provide a husband for the widow and proposes to her on behalf of his clerk. Much to his horror she accepts him on his own account. Presently she discovers the little game of the specious Spooner and notifies Boffey père. Blood is about to flow, but of course it doesn't. There is one good thing about farcical comedy and that is that if the farcical comedians are only too willing to fall out on absurd grounds, they are equally eager to fall in again on receipt of explanations no less preposterous. So the widow is taken off Spooner's hands by Boffey and the course of true love henceforth runs smooth. Sophie Larkin played splendidly as the widow. Mrs. Mortimer (whose stage name is Lydia Cowell) played a cockney slavey with her accustomed ability. The others didn't matter much. Mortimer received the honor of a call and came before the curtain looking even more sulky than usual, which is saying a good deal. In front of the farcical comedy was put on an adaptation (also by Mortimer) of *La Joie fait Peur*, called this time *Clouds with Silver Linings*. I am sorry to say that it fell flat as the flattest of flounders.

Another new production, calling for consideration in these columns is a farcical comedy, called *Tenterhooks*, produced at the Comedy last night, in place of Sydney Grundy's deservedly disastrous failure, *Merry Margate*. As to *Merry Margate*, many wondered, like yours truly, why so smart and able a playwright as Grundy should inflict such rot upon an already long suffering public. Since the piece's production I have been told that Grundy declared he would test how poor and low a play the public would swallow. Whether this be so or not, he has happily now learnt that they draw the line at such stuff as *Merry Margate*. But no more on that head.

Tenterhooks is the work of Mr. H. Mayor Paull, who is a son of a shining light of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He, (the son, not the father) some time ago wrote a very clever but rather crude drama entitled *The Great Felicidad*, a striking story of mining speculations. The play has, however, why I know not, never since been heard of. *Tenterhooks* is a bright three-act farce, possessing several fresh features as to story and characterization, and a commendable lot of

mother-in-law and supposedly faithless husband all served up with smart sallies and ingenious *equivogue*, together with one or two little defects which may be removed, here, by the stroke of a pen, and there by the adding of a few lines. The reception of *Tenterhooks* was very cordial. Harry Nichols as a heavy-weight saletudinarian, bent on reducing bulk, yet fearful lest any joy through love or otherwise should spoil the reducing process, scored heavily. He has taken Penley's place here. C. H. Hawtrej as the hero, who is upon tenterhooks because he fancies he has a wife still living, and so fears to become engaged to a little girl he really loves, played better than I have ever seen him play, especially in the last act, where he has compromised his would-be *fiancée* by being driven out to sea in a boat with her all night. Lively Lottie Venne as the *fiancée* in question, Marius as her peppery papa, also a fancied invalid, T. G. Warren as second light comedy lover, W. F. Hawtrej as a blackmailer of the hero, and Susie Vaughan as a perplexed maiden aunt, were all full of go. Paull, the playwright, received an enthusiastic call at the finish.

Claudian was revived at the Princess' on Monday, with Wilson Barrett in his original part, the long-lived libertine, and Miss Eastlake as Almida. Both acted powerfully, albeit both were somewhat inclined to *enbompoint*. In the earthquake scene several big Byzantine pillars, etc., fell the wrong way and came crashing through the act-drop, doing considerable damage thereto. The piece, however, is, in all other respects, doing quite well.—A burlesque of Dick Turpin (written by the Islington birth-marriage-and-death registrar, who puts in time at pantomime writing and calls himself "Geoffrey Thorn") was played for copyright purposes at the Grand, Islington, last Saturday afternoon.—You will be sorry to learn that Charles J. Abud is seriously ill.—You will, of course, have heard, by cable, of the death of Carl Rosa in Paris on Monday. He was only forty-seven.

It is said by some that Lecocq's operacomique, *Ali Baba*, will follow Doris at the Lyric.—Genevieve Ward starts some farewell matinees of *Forget-Me-Not* at the Opera Comique on Wednesday. On the same afternoon at the Olympic (which actor-author-manager John Coleman is now running), there will be a special matinee in aid of the afflicted children of the late veteran Voltaire, a truly excellent but of late unfortunate actor, well-known to all true lovers of the stage.—Costumier Ahas has issued a striking book of lovely colored designs of the dresses he (and wife) have "executed" (that's the word, not "made," you know) for the Alhambra's grand spectacle, *The Army and Navy*.

Your Mr. Edison's phonograph was introduced to East-Enders at the Great Assembly Rooms, Mile End, yesterday. Colonel Gouraud was the introducer. I didn't have time to assist at the introducing, but I learn that all passed off without mishap. The London editor of the *New York Herald*, last Saturday, described Claudian as by Sydney Grundy and Wilson Barrett. Up to the time of mailing, Wells and Herman have not, as might have been expected, demanded the N. Y. H's. gore.—Richard Mansfield was severely wounded in his combat on Bosworth Field, at the Globe a day or two ago. By a strange coincidence Arthur Roberts, who in *Lancelot the Lovely*, at the Avenue, imitates Mansfield's Richard III. fight, was also severely wounded a night or two after. Both soon recovered, however, and though understudies were in readiness they happily were not needed.—Richard III. seems going well at the Globe, and Manager Ed. Price ever and anon may be heard to chuckle in his joy.

Shane-na-Lawn, as played by W. J. Scanlan and piloted by the ingenious and ingenious Augustus Pitou is scoring in our provinces, anon, it will invade London. Pitou brought a parcel of your good wishes, which, Mr. Fiske, I heartily reciprocate.

Among the new plays being prepared for sampling in the near future are the following: *Mignonette* (comic opera), at the Royalty on Saturday; *Dick Turpin* the Second (burlesque) at Charles Harris' annual Gaiety matinee on Monday; *The Grandsire* (adapted from Le Filibuster), at George Alexander's special matinee at Terry's on the 15th; *From Information Received* (farce), written by Richard Henry, expressly for Toole, to be produced presently at his theatre, and a new drama, as yet unnamed, written by Cecil Raleigh (part author of *The Great Pink Pearl*) to be produced at a Comedy matinee on the 16th.

Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude) presented her husband with a daughter on Monday. Mother and child are doing well. There are also several other events, which, however, will keep until my next.

GAWAIN.

John Woodrason has been engaged for the Eastern Little Lord Fauntleroy company.

GLEANNINGS.

EMMA STEINER has just closed her season with the Conried Opera company and is now at liberty.

T. BARCOCK was compelled to relinquish an engagement recently to attend to his wife who is ill in Cincinnati.

The Olympic Quartette has been re-engaged for Evans and Hoey's Parlor Match company for next season.

LOUIS GRISSEL and Annie Ware will play at a special performance of *Our Boys* to be given at White Plains this (Wednesday) night.

PATTI ROSA, the soubrette, now under the management of William Calder, received offers for two good London theatres recently.

CHARLES M. RICHARDS, who was for three years with James O'Neill, has been engaged as treasurer of Francis Wilson's Opera company.

The new theatre at Tyler, Texas, which is rapidly nearing completion, will open its season on Sept. 1, and will be included in Harry Greenwall's circuit.

LESLIE GOSSIN's new American drama *Right of Way*, which was produced in Minneapolis last week, is reported to have made a positive hit. Mr. Gossin will return to this city shortly, and will then make arrangements for its production here.

ED. FAVOR and Edith Sinclair are not playing in Muldoon's Picnic at Forepaugh's, this week, as previously announced. The parts they were to have assumed are being taken by Sam Ryan and Tille McKenny while William Carroll is also in the cast.

DORE DAVIDSON and Ramie Austin will sail for Europe within the next few weeks. While abroad Mr. Davidson will select costumes for the new play, *Guilty without Crime*, which will open its season at Lancaster, Pa., on Sept. 2. Twenty-two weeks' time has been booked.

J. H. DOMINS writes us that the Soap Bubble closed a tour of ninety consecutive weeks under his management at Kansas city, last Sunday night. During that time the combination traveled across the continent and back again. The next season opens on September 2, when the Soap Bubble will be taken on a second tour through California, playing two weeks in San Francisco. The piece is to be revised, and various novelties and attractive features are to be added to make the fun more bubbling.

EMMA ABBOTT has contracted for a monument to her husband, the late Eugene Wetherell, to cost \$85,000. It will be erected at Gloucester, Mass. It will be composed of various kinds of marble, and beneath it will be a vault to contain two coffins. A Gothic canopy, supported by four columns surmounted by a figure of Hope, will be the design of the monument, which will be fifty-four feet high. On Miss Abbott's death her body will be cremated and the ashes placed beside her husband's remains.

KATE CLAXTON has been negotiating for the Park Theatre, but as yet no arrangements have been arrived at. It is now reported that Miss Claxton is trying to interest Gustave Frohman and P. G. Herbert in the organization of a stock company to build a theatre on Broadway near Thirty-eighth Street. Mr. Herbert has the refusal of the property. It is possible that the company may be organized, in which case an apartment house will be erected and the theatre built according to the Theatre Building laws, in the rear.

MAY RUSSELL, of the Gaiety Burlesque Company, was married recently in Detroit to Frank G. Packenham, of Minneapolis. Quite a romance is connected with the story of their union. Mr. Packenham is an Englishman. He fell in love with Miss Russell in London five years ago. His father objected to the match and he then came to this country, well supplied with money. He started in the crockery business in Minneapolis, waited the arrival of his sweetheart and married her as soon as the company reached the vicinity of Minneapolis. Mrs. Packenham will leave the stage, it is said, on the completion of her American engagement.

GUSTAVE FROHMAN, upon the receipt of a deposit of several thousand dollars from Louis Goodman, a Southern capitalist, has organized and is now rehearsing a *May Blossom* company which will go out with Joseph Wheelock as star, opening next Monday night at the Grand Opera House, Boston, and playing the following week at the Gaiety Theatre, Providence. Among the people engaged are Mason Mitchell, J. G. Nugent, Harry Tansy, May Nugent, Eugene A. McDowell, Ernest Steiner, Charles Dellinger, Annie Haines, May Dungan and Willie Ingram.

At Saturday night's closing performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy at the Broadway Theatre there was quite a charming exchange of amenities between Elsie Leslie and Tommy Russell. Elsie threw Tommy a kiss in the first act, and the latter threw the former a bouquet during the second act. After the performance Elsie bade all the company good-bye, and the organization left for Chicago, the only members remaining here being Little Elsie, Kathryn Kidder and Frank Lamb. Mr. Lamb remains here as stage manager of the Broadway. His place will be taken by Graham Henderson, that of Miss Kidder by Isabelle Everson, and Little Elsie's by Wallie Eddinger.

CHAD FAIR is the title of a new musical comedy in three acts, which has been written for the Deaves Sisters, Ada and Rilla, and in which they are to star during the coming season. The piece is pronounced by those who have read it as one of the most clever conceits in the farce-comedy line, and with such versatile artists as the Deaves, surrounded by a strong company, it is thought that it cannot fail to succeed. The entire three sets of scenery for the play will be specially painted and carried, and a number of very new and novel stage effects will also be introduced. The costumes to be worn by the Deaves will be from original designs by the ladies themselves, and will be made under their special supervision.

THE AMATEUR STAGE.

ness, unless a reception be made of Will W. Thomas, who sang a bass solo with good effect. Miss Milne proved an excellent reader and gave several selections in an exceedingly pleasing style. She has not a little dramatic talent and her rendition of a French opera singer applying to a manager for a position was a delightful bit of acting. Mrs. Diehl unfortunately had a severe cold and was so hoarse that she was obliged to disappoint her audience somewhat by substituting for Tennyson's "Bugle Song" a poem on "May Days" which was not so well received by her voice. The program closed with an enthusiastic encore by the choir in a humorous dialogue between a mistress and her Irish servant, entitled "The Corpse's Husband" which was exceptionally well rendered.

THE JENNINGS-RICE CASE.

An order was procured from the Superior Court last week for the examination of Henry R. Diney, who is a third party, with a view to ascertaining whether the financial ability of Manager Edward R. Rice is not sufficient to wipe out the debt existing against him in favor of John R. Jennings for money loaned. It has been estimated that for some years, Rice's examination in supplementing his proceedings a few weeks since brought out the fact that he is a financial wreck. This is not taken for granted by Mr. Jennings. The information from Mr. Diney will be given to him by the manager that may be sufficient to dispose of a part of the judgment.

Everything went well about New York, the engagement at the Star Theatre resulting in a profit of over \$2,000. After that they went South and their troubles began. Miss Fort purchased a wardrobe for \$200, but Mr. Wild failed to pay for it. All the money that Miss Fort received, she claims was for her board and a few dollars for other necessities. Miss Fort further states that she is informed that Mr. Wild has property which he made over to his wife just before she was engaged, and that in spite of this he refuses to help her in any way. She will sue at once as she considers she has been very badly treated.

NOTES.
At the last meeting of the Amaranth Dramatic

MEMORIAL TO LOUISE FORRESTER.
On Monday evening, May 4, at Tux Hall the stars, Sarah Edwards, and Louise Forrester, a well known actress, and the St. Louis academy, were the recipient of a complimentary memorial by the former associates in that city. The two-act melodrama, *Black-eyed Susan*, entertained a large number of the lady's friends. The cast was made up as follows: The Admiral, William Walker; Captain Quiver, W. J. Longhain; Lieut. Pike, G. A. Young; William, Richard L. Green; Gonthair, J. J. Sullivan; Dan, Dan Gannon; John, Frank Gannon; Ed. Quinn, Fletcher; J. W. Packman; Baker, W. Martin; Miss Peter, Miss Ivy Schuyler; Quill, F. Thompson; Sawood, C. Gannon; Florance, Sam. Baker; Susan, Louise Forrester; Dolly Mayflower, Ada Austin; Phoebe, Lizzie Baker; Selma, Grace Baker. The play was well acted and superbly managed, special scenery from the Brooklyn theatre being used. The actress, Miss Mayflower, appeared in excellent character impersonations. Richard L. Green was the stage manager.

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ROSE COGHILAN IN CONTEMPT.
Rose Coghlan has been ordered to show cause by Judge Holmes, of the City Court, why she should not be punished for contempt for refusing to obey an order directing her to appear for examination in supplementary proceedings under a judgment.

the Grand Central depot. Members of the profession who have employed the Union Transfer and Storage company state that they do their work with the utmost care and promptness.

THE AMATEUR STAGE.

ness, unless adoption be made of Will W. Thomas, who sang a bass solo with good effect. Miss Milne proved an excellent reader and gave several selections in an exceedingly pleasing style. She has not a little dramatic talent and her rendition of a French opera singer applying to a manager for a position was a delightful bit of acting. Mrs. Diehl unfortunately had a severe cold and was so sore that she was obliged to discontinue her address on the subject by substituting for "The Irish Bugle Song" a poem by J. W. Day, which was not so exacting for her voice. She responded to an enthusiastic encore by giving a humorous dialogue between a mistress and her Irish servant, entitled "The Corpse's Husband" which was exceptionally well rendered.

THE JENNINGS-RICE CASE.

Disney's examination was to have been had Saturday at the office of Lawyer James H. Egan, in the Stewart Building, but by an amicable arrangement it was postponed. In the meantime there is some possibility that a settlement may be effected.

THAT JUDGMENT AGAINST PAT ROONEY HANGS FIRE.

THEATRICAL FLINTATION.

Leaving a town on foot: "Farewell, for ever!"

THE GALLANT SEVENTH AMATEURS.

AMBITIOUS AMATEURS.

BARTHOLOMI COUNCIL PERFORM.

GERMAN SINGERS.

COLUMBIA BOYS IN WASHINGTON.

A BENEFIT PERFORMANCE.

THE ARTISTIC SOCIETY ENTERTAINED

TESTIMONIAL TO LOUISE FORRESTER.

THE AMATEUR CONCERT STAGE.

NOTES.

Frank J. Oliver, of the *Melpomene*, has started on an extended pleasure tour through California.

G. T. Janvrin made a successful appearance as Dick Smythe in *Cheek* at an amateur performance at the Brooklyn Atheneum recently. He will probably soon join the ranks of the professionals.

Lynch brothers are undoubtedly the most talented amateurs in Syracuse. Mr. Kellner's Herbert was well conceived and excellently acted, and Miss Jeanette Hunt represented admirably the part of Ruth. Of course our Blanche was the bright particular star as Mrs. Dick Chetwyn. Her portrayal of the part drew forth the most flattering commendation of the local crowd.

ROSE COGHILAN IN CONTEMPT.

Responsible managers desiring to secure the right to produce The Black Crook next season may address Imre Kiralfy, No. 39 West Washington Square, New York.

Harry Pepper and Carrie Tutein, who made such a pronounced success with *Struck Gas* on the road, can be engaged for Summer opera.

Mrs. E. A. Eberle, old woman and character, is at liberty.

The American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, Lyceum Theatre Building, New York, will hold a reception of applicants for admission in the Lyceum Theatre on May 17 and 24. The annual meeting of the Alumni will be held in the Lyceum Theatre on May 31.

fairly queen elicited unanimous commendation from press and public. Miss Davis is a handsome woman, with a magnificent stage presence. She possesses a superb contralto voice, which, in speaking is said to closely resemble Mary Anderson's. Her dramatic work suggests large possibilities, and her singing and reading are superb. She displays latent tragic power and evident ability for the legitimate stage. Manager desiring to communicate with Miss Davis may address her at No. 333 West Twenty-first Street, New York.

and Totten of No. 24 Dry Street, are pronounced by connoisseurs to be the finest wines produced in this country. The brands are Gros Mancein, Petit Sirrah, Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot de Bernard, Franc Pinot. Of these the above firm has a small lot at bottles only. In white wines they have the Sauvignon Vert and Semillon. This firm has also old private stock Burgundy and Zinfandel two years in bottle.

Those wishing nicely-furnished rooms, with or without board, in a pleasant location convenient to all the theatres, will find excellent accommodations at Mrs. Howey's, No. 242 West Twenty-fourth street, New York.

The Grand, the magnificent theatre now being built in Evansville, Ind., by a syndicate of some of the principal business men of that city, will be completed on Oct. 1. It is claimed that it will be the only first class theatre in Evansville, which has a

population of nearly 60,000. The entire property on which the new house is located, with the edifice itself, cost \$325,000. In its furnishing, appointments and equipments no expense will be spared, and everything will be done that modern taste and science can suggest in decoration and making the structure fireproof. The new theatre is now booking for season of 1910-11. Only first class attractions desired. Address Manager M. J. Bray, Jr., or his

Professionals and visiting managers will find rooms and board and an excellent cuisine at Mrs. Le Count's, No. 317 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

Probably the profession constitutes the largest buyers of knit goods. The Brooklyn Knitting Company makes a specialty of all kinds of knit goods used for theatrical and athletic purposes. These goods are in worsted and silk, and are said to be superior to all others in material, finish and durability. They may be obtained from all the leading dealers in athletic and theatrical goods. Intending purchasers should ask for the Brooklyn Knitting Company's make.

The Union Transfer and Storage company, Nos. 123-125 East Twenty-second street, make a specialty of moving theatrical companies and storing trunks, properties, scenery, etc. Their baggage transfer rates are twenty-five cents for a trunk, or one piece, to and from any part of this city; to Jersey City, Brooklyn and Hoboken, one piece, fifty cents two pieces, eighty cents; three pieces, \$1. They have large vans for furniture moving to city or country. They also make a specialty of packing china and works of art. They have reduced the rates on storage of furniture twenty-five per cent, while trunk storage has been reduced to twenty-five cents per month. They have branch offices at 347 Broadway, 64 Fourth Avenue and 123 Park Avenue opposite the Grand Central depot. Some of the profession who have employed the Union Transfer and Storage company state that they do their work with the utmost care and promptness.

BAY CITY.—GRAND OPERA HOUSE (Clay, Buck

LA CROSSE.—LA CROSSE THEATRE (F. H. Herson, manager): Dan'l Sully appeared in 'Corner Grocery,' to a large and appreciative audience.

